

# H E N R Y;

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

---

*BY THE AUTHOR OF ARUNDEL.*

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· VOL. IV.

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THE SECOND EDITION.

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Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris,  
Nec quodcunque volet poscat sibi fabula credi.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES

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# H E N R Y.

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## BOOK THE TENTH.

### CHAPTER I.

*In which the Author confutes himself.*

**H**AVING been so long employed in finding words, according to rule and method, for others, I begin to think I have a right to bestow some according to my own fancy, and that just now prompts me to write without any rule or method whatsoever.

In the first place then, permit me to say, that I do not allow any man can have a fair excuse for not reading these volumes once at least in his life, provided he can read at all. For what is the plea, I would fain know, that he can set up for refusing them a perusal? Is he too wise to be taught any thing new?—they do not pretend to have any new thing in them or about them; they boast themselves to be as old as nature; and as for instruction,

if he is too wise to want it, they are not so foolish as to force it upon him against his wishes.

Is he too lazy to be amused by any reading? then let him employ a toad-eater to recite them in his ears till he falls asleep; he cannot purchase a cheaper or more harmless narcotic in his apothecary's shop.

Is he too proud to stoop his genius to the perusal of a trivial novel? my life upon it, his genius is oftentimes more trivially employed. Is truth his constant study and pursuit? and has he not yet found out that there is truth in fiction; that by the device of fable (as the philosopher Saint Pierre well observes) the soul gradually opens itself to truth? I am vain enough to think there may be many more truths in this poor fable, than he will discover or comprehend in all his metaphysics.

But some may plead business, and business must be followed.—True! and so must hounds; but the man who follows either, be it ever so closely, will still find that he has gone many miles out of his way. Let the man of business recollect how much of his life is spent in being busy about nothing, and he cannot but  
8 acknowledge



acknowledge he has had time to bestow upon the reading of these little books, and a hundred others. But all this while he has been accumulating money ; if he dies to-morrow, he will die worth one hundred thousand pounds ; and if he does, *is he any whit wiser*, (I put the question in the words of the inimitable author of *The Serious Call*) *is he any whit wiser*, I demand, *than he who has taken the same pains to have a hundred thousand pair of boots and spurs when he leaves the world?*

But harkye, Mr. Novelist, the fastidious philosopher will say, my studies do not lie your way. To him I could answer—then are my studies, learned Sir, more complaisant than your's ; for as far as you yourself participate of human nature, so far you come within the scope of my researches ; why then may not you deign to read me, though I do not aspire to copy you ? Though your proud castle is barred against my approach, my humble cottage is the seat of general hospitality, and open to you in common with the rest of my fellow creatures. The simple goose-quill, that can fan one spark of pure benevolence into activity by the playfulness of its motion, has done more for mankind than the full-plumed philosopher,



who, with the strut of the goose itself, cackles out his despicable spleen, and hisses at each passenger as he goes regardless by him.

If but one of all my readers has felt the sympathy of a generous sentiment, if another has experienced the conscious sense of self-reproaching turpitude, and blushed at the discovery, I think I have thrown more light into the world, than the philosopher can dig out of the bowels of the earth, though he may thereby affect to decide upon the world's age, as jockies do upon horses by looking in their mouths. What if philosophers have now found out that water is no element? they have neither added to its uses, nor taken any away; and as for me, though, for peace sake, I will forbear to say it is an element, I will not promise them to rest my faith so far upon their dogma, as to say, that it is not. The Author of Nature seems graciously to have ordained, that in searching after things without use, our enquiries should be pursued without success, so that no labour might be wasted upon things that cannot profit us: but it is only after these curious nothings that our philosopher is ever on the quest; and yet he pretends to say, that he has no leisure to bestow upon my men and women.

women. Why will he not rather study to be informed of what would profit him to know, and submit to be ignorant of what the Great Disposer of the Universe hath, in tender consideration of his short-lived creatures, buried out of sight? As much truth as man's intellects can admit, is accessible to man's enquiries, but ignorance is given to the soul, as the lid is bestowed upon the eye; it lets in all the light it can usefully dispense with, and shuts out what it cannot bear. And now, no more of the philosopher; whilst I am contemplating the statue, let him hunt after the beetle that crawls at the base of it.

There is, notwithstanding, more for me to do; and as these volumes are my clients, so am I their advocate, and must be prepared for all that may oppose me: the next, however, is a gentle caviller, and approaches in a form that challenges my respect; it is a reader I would not offend and shock for all that fame could give me; she comes with modest blushes on her cheeks, and points to certain pages doubled down in my offending work, too highly coloured for her chaste revolting eye to rest upon. What shall I reply to this appellant? How defend myself from one, who comes into the lists

with all the virtues armed in her support? Where now is my impure Jemima? where is Fanny Claypole? where even my benevolent Susan May?—Fled out of sight, abashed and self condemned! What avails it me to say that they are Nature's children? My reproving critic does not wish to make acquaintance with the profligates of her family. In vain I urge, that contrast is the soul of composition; that joy and sorrow, health and sickness, good and evil, chequer life itself through every stage; that even virtue wants an opposite to give its lustre full display: she does not think that scenes, which address themselves to the passions, can be defended by arguments that apply to the judgment: I may be justified by the rules of composition; she is trying me by those of decorum. If I shelter myself in the plea, that temptations are the test of an heroic spirit; that I cannot *make bricks without straw*; and that although the said straw be of an inflammable quality, yet I must work with such materials as I have: she will not hesitate to admit the necessity of temptations, but she will resolutely condemn the too profuse and prominent display of them; she would work her shades more tender; mine are too bold: if I say,

say,



say, wait for the moral, she replies, that it is the nature of susceptibility not to wait; the mischief is in the front, the moral is in the rear; the remedy cannot always overtake the disease; and she asks, where is the wit in voluntarily provoking the fang of the viper, because, forsooth, we have a medicine in our closet that will staunch the poison, if we do not slip the time of applying it?

Mark now, candid reader, if I have not wove a hedge about myself, which I have neither cunning to creep through, nor agility to climb; but it is ever thus when I argue with the ladies. If their modesty is of so touchy a temper, as to accuse me of impudence, I know no better way to convince them of their mistake, than by copying that modesty, and making no defence; and sure I am, that such would be their conduct in the case of real attack, when the relation of it only stirs them into such tremors and palpitations: I fear, therefore, that their extreme susceptibility proves too much; those must ride their palfreys with a very loose rein, who are so soon thrown out of their seat upon every little start or stumble that they make.

What I have written, I have written in the



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What I have written, I have written in the

hope of recommending virtue by the fiction of a virtuous character, which, to render amiable, I made natural, and to render natural, I made subject to temptations, though resolute in withstanding them: in one instance only my hero owes his victory to chance, and not to his own fortitude: if virtue therefore cannot read her own encomium, without catching fire at the allurements of her antagonist, she is not that pure and perfect virtue I was studious to pay court to, but some hypocrite, who has basely tricked herself out in the uniform of the corps, for the opportunity of deserting over to the enemy with her arms and accoutrements.

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## CHAPTER II.

*A Peep behind the Curtain at Crowbery Castle.*

WHILST the gentle bosom of Isabella was rent with a thousand perplexing inquietudes, the proud exulting heart of Fanny Claypole was anticipating the fancied joys of rank and splendour, and already practising the  
stately



stately airs of a Viscountess elect. Her uncle now began to pass his time not quite so much to his satisfaction as he had done: though his niece still continued to treat him with external civility, yet there was a gracious manner in it, that conveyed the idea of condescension and protection, rather than of cordiality or respect. The restraint which she and her noble paramour submitted to in his company, though as little as decency could dispense with, was still something more than they could willingly spare on certain occasions, and he then began to discover, that all his accommodating complacency did not quite answer their purposes, and that his absence began to be wished for by both parties. This indeed was more than insinuated to him by dumb shew; for my Lord took frequent occasions of enquiring, whether Sir Roger Manstock would not be uneasy at his parish being left without a resident minister, and once or twice asked him, in a natural manner, if he was doing any thing at the parsonage, and whether it would require any repairs before it was made fit for his reception, intimating, with much seeming kindness, that if there was any thing wanting for his comfort, he would send his own workmen over,

and fit it to his wishes; adding, that it would ever give him the most supreme delight to shew any mark of his respect to the uncle of his amiable friend Miss Claypole. These hints that sagacious gentleman was not slow to comprehend; but it did not just now suit him to put them into practice.

When lawyer Ferret returned from Manstock, and the copy of Lady Crowbery's will, which he had there taken, had been perused by his Lordship, that noble personage, in a manner suitable to his high dignity, expressed a most sovereign contempt for the good things of this world, which it had conveyed in such ample proportion to the fair Isabella, and so sparingly to himself; in fact, it is reasonable to suppose, that as his Lordship's expectations were extremely moderate, his disappointment could not be very great, so that he bore the event without any great exercise of his virtues; one thing, however, he remarked with a considerable degree of satisfaction, and this was, the unexpected omission of any legacy to our hero Henry: this circumstance he communicated, without loss of time, to Mr. Claypole and Miss Fanny, commenting upon it in a stile that sufficiently disclosed to them the gratification

gratification he secretly derived to himself in talking of it.—“ You see,” cried his Lordship, in his usual stile of pleasantry, “ what sort of stuff her ladyship’s liking to that young fellow was made of! no longer pipe, no longer pay, was her maxim. He must now sink into his primitive obscurity; all his golden hopes are blasted, and, I dare engage, he is at this moment venting execrations against her deceit and his own credulity. But he is rightly serv’d; may such ever be the fate of all upstart favourites of married ladies!”—Here Claypole chimed in, with an inference or two in the way of retort upon Henry for his refusal of Blachford’s bequest, observing, that the man, who, from an affectation of disinterestedness, withstood the favours of fortune when they were tendered to him, generally lived long enough to find himself the dupe of his own vanity, and to bewail his folly in the bitterness of self-reproach and vexation. “ I see but one chance that remains for this silly fellow,” added he, “ which is, to betake himself with all humility to Blachford’s leavings, and pay his court, without loss of time, to Mrs. Susan May of meretricious memory, by whose favour he may still subsist upon the bread of



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infamy, and sing psalms with Ezekiel Daw to some godly tune, whilst the old dame scums the pot. So ends the history of Henry the Foundling, whose adventures, with the help of a little modern garnish, may furnish matter to some paltry novelist for a scurvy tale, to fill a gap in the shelves of a circulating library; and, if the writer has the wit to make the most of it, he may find out a moral in the catastrophe of his hero, and entitle it, *The Rise and Fall of Vanity*; for such in fact it is."

Miss Fanny threw a different light upon the subject; she confessed he well deserved the disappointment he had met with; but she did not think that was excuse sufficient for the person who disappointed him. "I own," said that candid young lady, "I have always accusom'd myself to consider a promise as a sacred thing: where I give hopes I think myself in conscience bound to make them good; and on the other hand, where they are given to me, I should hold the person base in the extreme, abandon'd to all sense of honour, and a wretch, whom, without a crime, we might treat as an outlaw and assassin, who violated the faith he had pledg'd, and the word of promise he had given. Now I do not mean to impute this baseness

baseness to any person in particular, much less to the respectable object of our present conversation; I only beg leave to observe, that in all connections between man and woman, where favours have been interchang'd, and promises grafted upon those pledges of affection, they are binding in the most sacred sense, and he or she, who breaks from them, abandon'd in the extremest degree."

"Certainly," interposed my Lord, "without all doubt you speak what every person of honour must admit to be true, and what I, permit me to say, feel, and, I hope, practise, in its strictest sense. Put the case, by way of elucidation only, that I profess myself the admirer of a lady of reputation; I am smitten with her charms; in short, I am in love with her. Very well. Believing me to be a man of honour, she allows me to make suit to her; I gain her confidence, we'll suppose, and she begins to favour my suit; she smiles on my humble addresses."—Here a soft glance from the bright eyes of Miss Fanny brought his Lordship's eloquence to a pause. He gently took her hand, and in a whisper tenderly murmured—"Lovely creature, if you look upon me with those eyes, I shall forget every word

I was saying, every sense will be lost in ecstasy and rapture."—"Go on, go on," said Fanny, smiling, "I am much interested in what you are saying, and shou'd be sorry to interrupt you in the most important part of it."—"Put me in then," said the peer, "for I protest to you I am lost."—"Why, you had just gain'd the lady's affections," replied Fanny; "nay, I believe o'my conscience you was going on too prosperously for her repose, unless you was upon the strictest honour."—"There you are rather before-hand with me," resumed my Lord, "tho', I confess I was coming to the point: be it so then! Let us for a moment suppose that this lady, in pity to my sufferings, or, if you will, in kind compliance with my importunate and empassion'd solicitations, generously concedes those favours, which are the greatest woman can bestow or man receive, can it for a moment be doubted that I am bound by all the ties of honour, gratitude and justice, to indemnify the reputation of my benefactress? Heavens! I were the vilest wretch that ever breath'd, cou'd I do less than tender her my heart, my hand, my name, rank, fortune, every thing that I possess on earth, as soon as ever opportunity  
and



and circumstances wou'd permit. These are my principles, my dear Miss Claypole, and they are such as, I trust, your worthy uncle, if he has listen'd to our discourse, will give me credit for, and approve."

"Certainly, my Lord," replied that reverend personage; "there cannot be two opinions on the subject; were the case to happen as you put it, every man of honour's conduct must be such as you state it; but I must take the liberty to observe, that no woman of honour, who was wise, wou'd put him to the trial."

"Ah! my good Sir," said my Lord, "you speak exactly within the line of your profession, and so far you speak right. 'Tis as natural for you, who are a parson, to preach up self-denial, as it is for an apothecary to recommend physic, tho' nature, in both cases, nauseates the dose, and the finest gratification of the senses is sacrific'd by the prescription. That rigid morality, that wou'd strip life of all its best enjoyments, wou'd also divest our hearts of all their most exalted sensations. What wou'd become of those glowing effusions of love and gratitude, if there was no trust, no confidence, no mutual interchange of honour

honour and good faith? The lawyer, who furnishes my occasions with a loan, and binds me down by the fetters of a mortgage, is a trader in money, who confers no favour on me by the accommodation I derive from it; whereas the friend, who confidentially supplies my wants, and rests upon my promise for indemnification, leaves me under an obligation, that convinces me I was in his esteem, and fixes him in mine. Favours in love are like favours in friendship; the same rule applies to both; to trust is the test of friendship, to be trusted is the triumph of love."

"I believe, my Lord," said Miss Claypole, "we are talking upon a subject, that my uncle has not made his study, therefore we may as well drop it for the present."

This being said, a sullen silence ensued; the advocates for the tender passion no longer deigned to maintain an argument with so unequal an opponent, but contented themselves with giving him to understand, by certain plain-speaking looks, that if he had any private studies to pursue, which might occupy an hour or two of his time, they had resources within themselves for filling up the interval.

The.

The intelligent observer read their meaning in their looks, and placidly withdrew.

Doubtful as I am, whether some of my readers might not think that there was one dialogue too many in my history, were I to record what now ensued between Miss Fanny and the Viscount, I shall omit the recital, and conclude this chapter.

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## CHAPTER III.

*An Excursion from Crowbery Castle.*

THE next morning both Phœbus and Sir Roger Manstock had harnessed their steeds, and advanced upon their journey before the beauteous Miss Fanny broke the soft bands of sleep asunder, and arose to renew her charms at the toilette. Her protracted slumbers had so far exceeded the accustomed hour of breakfast, that she gave orders to her attendant to serve her in her own apartment: polite enquiries were sent up more than once by his Lordship, to which excuses were returned of a slight indisposition; in the mean time the following reflections arose in that gentle fair one's



one's mind, upon a review of past occurrences.

“ Well, to be sure, there is something very captivating in a title, else this same Lord Crowbery wou'd be insupportable; I perceive I shall be most heartily sick of him before the honey-moon is half out; I shall never have the patience of his former lady; let him beware how he treats me in the manner he behav'd to her; I'll soon shew him that my spirit is at least as good as his own; he shan't shut me up in this dismal castle, and nauseate me with his surfeiting fondness: sure, of all visitations under heaven, that of a stale doating husband wou'd be the most intolerable. Oh! Henry! Henry! why wou'd you reject me? Still, still your image haunts me; my fond heart still doats upon you, and wou'd spurn this odious creature and his titles with disdain, cou'd I but gain your love. But hold! perhaps your disappointment may have humbled you; all hopes now blasted, and Isabella thrown by fortune beyond the reach even of your meditations, who can tell but you are now regretting your own obstinacy, and wishing to recal that fatal hour, when mad with love, and fir'd with resentment—  
Oh!

Oh! horrible! I cannot name the rest."— Here she threw herself back in her chair, and, bursting into tears, fortunately found vent for a gust of passion, that would else have thrown her into violent hysterics. Again she resumed her soliloquy—"What did my provoking uncle mean by saying you must marry Susan May? No; that my Henry will never do. His spirit never will stoop to that; it never shall, if I have influence to prevent it. I'll sacrifice ambition, fortune, every thing to love. I have befool'd myself enough, too much, with this detested lord; I sicken at his name; I'll cast him off for ever.—Stop! where is my fancy carrying me? There are some charms in title, rank and splendour; they gratify ambition, and do not exclude love. I have gone much too far now to recede; I were a fool indeed to pay the purchase, and not reap the profit: I have him sure, and I'll not let him loose. Viscountess Crowbery will pique the pride of plain Miss Manstock. Oh! 'twill be bitterness and gall to that old Baronet to see his niece's coronet upon my head; delicious triumph! glorious revenge!"

Thus whilst her mind was fluctuating betwixt contending passions, my Lord announced himself

himself with a gentle tap at the door, and humbly asked admittance. It was granted, and as he approached her, he said—"I venture to assume the privileges of a husband, and come to ask, if you have any orders for the carriages or servants this morning, as I think the day is fine, and promises you a pleasant airing. Henceforward, Madam, you command in this house, and the humblest of your servants is now in your presence." This was an address, that merited what it received, a gracious smile, and threw a turning weight into the scale of the addresser and his peerage, that made poverty and Henry kick the beam. This fair beginning was still further advanced by a very seasonable auxiliary, in the shape of a handsome brilliant, set in a ring, which his Lordship with great gallantry put upon her wedding finger. The heart of Fanny Claypole was amenable to so many passions, besides that of love in its common acceptation, that the donor of the ring could not fail to be delighted with the impression it had made; and as that young lady was a better actress than Lord Crowbery was a critic, it is not much to be wondered at, if, upon this occasion, he mistook artifice for sincerity.

After



After a few indispensable arrangements at the toilette, which my Lord was graciously permitted to be a spectator of, and which were not ill calculated to display her charms in the most alluring attitudes, Fanny signified her intention of taking the air in a little cabriolet, drawn by one horse of gentle condition, having been long in the habit of obeying the hand of a less daring driver, and order was given accordingly. Fanny had a scheme in meditation, of paying a visit to Susan May in the course of her circuit, and for that reason chose it should be solitary; she therefore set out, followed by a servant, leaving my Lord at home to meditate on his felicity, or discuss new topics of edification with his reverend guest, as they strolled through the plantations and gardens.

Miss Claypole, after a tour about the park, came upon the village green, and stopt at the gate of Susan's mansion, who soon presented herself, and very respectfully invited her into the house. This was graciously accepted by the Viscountess elect, and after a few common questions had passed and repassed, they fell upon the subject of Lady Crowbery's death, and then Miss Fanny demanded of Susan, if  
she

she had been informed of the circumstances of her will: upon her answering in the negative, she related to her the leading particulars, and observed, with much assumed concern, that it was a matter most surprising to her, how it came to pass Henry should be so totally forgotten, that even his name was not once mentioned, nor any thing that could allude to a provision for him recommended to the heiress, even by the most distant hint.

Susan gazed with astonishment upon her, as if in doubt whether she was to yield credit to the account she was giving of an event so unexpected. "If it is so," she said, "and if my young lady is in possession of the estate, and has it at her own disposal, I can only presume to say she has a noble opportunity of being generous to the most deserving man upon earth; and I can't doubt but she will avail herself of it."—"I think of him as you do," replied Miss Fanny; "but our sentiments, my good friend, may not be every body's sentiments; they may not be Miss Mansstock's; and they certainly are not likely to be Sir Roger's. Refunding is a pitch of generous self-denial, that is hardly to be found in any other breast, than one of such superior mag-

magnanimity as your liberal friend's: if you had such a fortune dropt into your lap, I can readily believe that you wou'd be generous enough to invite Henry to a share of it; nay, I can tell you, Mrs. Susan, there are some friends of your's, not far from hence, who credit you for that generosity, even upon your present establishment."

"They may safely credit me," replied Susan, "so far as to suppose I never can forget to whom I am indebted for every thing I possess; I hope, therefore, I am capable of the gratitude they ascribe to me, though not so presumptuous as to annex to it the conditions which they seem to allude to. No, Madam, be assur'd I know him and myself too well, not to know that poverty can never so depress him as to level him with me; the woman Mr. Henry marries must not only be pure from guilt of her own contracting, but even from involuntary stains, which you well know I am not. I believe, Madam, even levity of behaviour, and a forward carriage in the person he might else have admir'd, wou'd change his liking into disgust, tho' she had every other charm that cou'd attract him."

Here it is supposed that Miss Fanny would  
have



have blushed, if art had not been beforehand with nature, and dipt her pencil in the counterfeited tint of modesty and shame. But though nature was barred from one avenue, she found vent at another; and whilst conscious recollection smote her heart, her tongue betrayed how justly she applied the observation to herself. "I can readily understand," she said, "where your remark points, and what person I am to thank as the founder of it; for servants are very apt to retail the scandal that their mistresses propagate. I know there have been very impertinent stories circulated about me; but I wou'd have you, and every one else concern'd with you, to be assur'd, that my reputation is not to be slander'd with impunity: I have friends, Mrs. Susan, that will make those tremble who attempt it; and, I believe, you will soon be convinc'd, that if it is your wish to live here, and enjoy your newly acquir'd fortune in peace and quiet, you will be extremely cautious how you suffer any expressions to escape you, that can be construed to impute the smallest indiscretion to my conduct."

With these words, the lady elect made her exit with all due dignity, and without vouchsafing

saſing a word more, or even a look to Suſan, who attended her to the ſtep of her cabriole, where ſhe replaced herſelf in her ſeat, and purſued her way towards the caſtle.

At that inſtant Ezekiel Daw came forth from his cottage, and turning into the houſe with Suſan began a converſation, which we ſhall reſerve for the enſuing chapter.

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## CHAPTER IV.

*There are more Ways than one of interpreting a doubtful Text.*

“SO, daughter Suſan! I perceive you have had a viſit from that young madam of the caſtle. You did right to receive her with reſpect, for that is due to our ſuperiors in condition; but if ſhe came with the purpoſe of enticing you into converſation about our abſent friend Henry, it is to be hop’d you had diſcretion to keep a watch upon the door of your lips, and not to ſatiſfy an importunate curioſity. I have here a letter from our friend

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Henry,

Henry, which announces the death of our respected Lady Crowbery. It is dated from Falmouth, which I understand to be the port from whence she was to have embark'd for Lisbon. It pleased the Supreme Disposer of all events to call her to himself from this world of sorrow by a swift messenger. Be it so! we must all obey the summons, some sooner, some later: it is in vain to lament. She was a pious and a charitable lady, and the poor have lost a friend, which, I fear, will not be replaced to them by that young madam at least, who, as common fame reports, is destin'd to be her successor at the castle. As the Lady Crowbery died in possession of a very ample patrimony in her own right, we may now expect to hear that our beloved Henry is rewarded for his disinterestedness, and made independent for his life: of this I am sure, that the deceased lady was much too just to disappoint the hopes she had inspir'd him with, and far too discerning to overlook his merits, and therefore, child, take notice, I predict a very ample provision for our absent friend."

"That is a very natural prediction for you to make," cried Susan; "I wish I cou'd say it was a true one; but alas, alas, my good  
Mr.



Mr. Daw, our poor friend has got nothing; Miss Claypole just now informs me, that he is not so much as nam'd in Lady Crowbery's will."—"It is a lie," cried Ezekiel, starting from his seat, "it is a false aspersion; Miss Claypole is a slut and a hussy for her pains; a defamer of the dead, and that's a foul and heinous misdemeanor. I pronounce it impossible for the Lady Crowbery to be a deceiver, a dealer in false promises, and a hypocrite at the hour of death; and therefore I reject your information, and abide by my prediction. What, child, will you tell me that I don't know what is in human nature, that I shou'd be made the bubble and the dupe of such a prating minx as that Miss Claypole, who never yet utter'd one truth of Henry since she knew him? Don't we know enough of her dark dealings, not to take her word in any case where he is concern'd? Did not I tell you that she came for no good purpose? and now you see I did not speak lightly and without good reason; learn from this, child, I exhort you, not to trust too confidently to your own rash opinions, but listen to those who have more knowledge and experience than yourself."

Whilst Ezekiel was uttering these words in an elevated voice and upright attitude, a letter was delivered to Susan, which one of Sir Roger's servants had brought over from Manstock. It was from the fair hand of Isabella, and written on that very morning early before she set out upon her journey. Susan cast her eye over it, and then read aloud to Ezekiel as follows:—

“ Dear Susan,

“ I cannot leave the country without giving you a few lines on the subject of a melancholy event, of which, as far as your friend and benefactor is interested, I am persuaded you will be anxious to be inform'd.”—  
“ Right!” cried Ezekiel, “ now you will find my prediction verified.”—“ The sad news of my poor cousin's death will probably have reach'd you before this comes to hand, and if so, you will be told at the same time, that he is in no respect benefited by Lady Crowsberry in her will.”—“ There, there!” repeated the exulting prophet, “ you perceive the falsehood had got wind.” Susan made no answer, but resumed her reading.—“ It is true,”—“ It is false,” cried Ezekiel, “ I won't believe it.”

Susan repeated—"It is true that his name is  
"not to be found in the will; but lest you  
"shou'd be tempted in your zeal for his in-  
"terest to make false conclusions, that wou'd  
"be injurious to the memory of the excellent  
"lady, I recommend to you to wait the event,  
"in the full persuasion, that neither she will be  
"found regardless of her promises, nor your  
"most amiable friend unworthy of her af-  
"fection."

No sooner had Susan read these concluding words, than Ezekiel, in an ecstasy of joy, struck the staff in his hand with vehemence on the floor, crying out—"I told thee so, I told thee so: now wilt thou believe me, silly child, that art drawn away with every breath and vapour of false doctrine. Dostn't hear? dostn't understand that all is well and as we wish it, and that your prattling companion, and her politic uncle, will be confuted in their false sayings? Did not I truly pronounce of the Lady Crowbery that she wou'd not be found regardless of her promises; and dost not thou mark those very words repeated, as it were, from my prophetic lips in the young lady's letter? And now, child, why am I right in my judgment, and these wrong in their's? I'll tell



thee why, it is because I draw my inferences from a clear and perfect insight into human nature, whilst they form their's upon crude conjecture, upon vain imaginations, with which they deceive themselves. And now I will read thee Henry's own letter; listen."

"Death hath deprived the world of a most excellent being, and me of a friend, whose loss I must ever deplore: Lady Crowbery is dead. Wherever it shall please Lord Crowbery to deposit her remains, I shall take measures so as to be present at her interment, tho' it may be prudent to disguise my person. When that last duty is perform'd, I propose making you a visit at the cottage. I have much to say to you, and something for the private ear of your fair neighbour, my valued friend Susan."

What were the precise sensations that these last words stirred in the gentle bosom of the attentive hearer, we do not pretend to divine, but something there was either in the sound or in the sense of them that suffused her face with blushes, which Doctor Daw, notwithstanding his prodigious skill and penetration, just then happened to overlook, so that there

was

was time for them to fade away into a deadly pale, which succeeded without attracting the notice of the aforesaid sagacious critic in the human character. How he was employed whilst these changes were in transition, we are not minutely informed; but surely not in the contemplation of one of the most expressive countenances in nature, else the scenery there displayed could hardly have escaped him, though the secret spring that gave movement to it, might have puzzled him to find out.

Now it had so happened in the reading of Miss Manstock's letter, as it has happened in the cases of many other readings, that her two commentators, Ezekiel Daw and Susan May, had two different methods of interpreting the same text; the preacher making it conform to his own prediction, and Susan construing it according to her own first impression of the fact: whilst the one therefore believed Henry very richly provided for, the other persuaded herself he was not worth a doit. Now the reader perhaps may recollect that Miss Fanny, who communicated the intelligence of his being left out of Lady Crowbery's will, threw out a hint at a report, which saddled him upon Susan for a moiety of her means; and

though Susan instantly returned an answer, which, we hope, was proper for the occasion, and well becoming her to make, yet it is not unnatural to suppose that it might raise some ideas in her mind, which she did not hold herself bound to communicate, either to Miss Fanny, or even to Doctor Daw himself. Combining, therefore, these ideas with the concluding paragraph in Henry's letter, that he had *something for her private ear*, we may find a clue to the sensations that occasioned Susan's change of countenance at the hearing of that paragraph. As to the consequences which this abstraction of thought on her part had with respect to Ezekiel, they were only those of affording him free scope for talking upon any subject he thought fit, whilst she meditated upon another, a privilege he frequently enjoyed in the company of his friends without finding it out.



## CHAPTER V.

*Our History shifts the Scene.*

WE now turn our attention to the lovely Isabella, who, on the second day from her leaving Manstock, arrived with her father at the ancient seat of the Adamants, called Hagley Hall. It was a stately though irregular pile of building, in the Gothic stile but in perfect repair, with a handsome park about it and a fine command of water. Lady Crowbery had always kept up a sufficient establishment of servants, by whose care every thing was in good order to receive their expected visitants, though the melancholy occasion that brought them there, kept the neighbours and tenants, whom curiosity or respect would else have assembled, from intruding on their privacy. One old gentleman, the rector of the parish and well known to Sir Roger, presented himself on their arrival, of which he had been apprised by letter from the Baronet. He had been long the administrator of all affairs at Hagley Hall, and the appearance of the place

bore testimony to his care. This worthy person (by name and title Doctor Sandford) was greatly affected at the meeting with Sir Roger and the heiress, whose tears kept pace with his on the occasion: he informed them that a messenger had arrived to apprise him that the body might be expected the next day; whereupon the day following was settled between him and Sir Roger for the ceremony of interment.

It was about the hour of dinner when Sir Roger arrived at Hagley Hall, and Doctor Sandford had provided for their entertainment. His company was a seasonable relief to the worthy Baronet, who, to his great concern, saw his beloved Isabella much depressed in spirits; and though he did his best to comfort her, yet whilst the painful secret of her lover's birth hung on her mind, it cannot be wondered at if all his kind endeavours failed of their effect.

After dinner, however, she kept her seat at the table with her father and Doctor Sandford, with whose company she was greatly pleased; and in truth he was an amiable and excellent man. In the course of their conversation, they fell upon the subject of Mr. Ratcliffe's death, whose

whose parish adjoined to Hagley, and whose preferment was yet undisposed of. His parsonage house was still unoccupied, but the duty of the church was executed for the time by Doctor Sandford's son, a young man educated at the university of Cambridge, and lately admitted into priest's orders. In speaking of the melancholy event of poor Ratcliffe's sudden death, the good Doctor expatiated on the virtuous and amiable qualities of his late neighbour and friend with great sensibility, bewailing the irreparable loss which his parishioners had suffered, but avoiding with great delicacy the most distant hint of any expectation for his son. The strongest solicitation would probably have been less efficacious than this very delicacy, which did by no means escape the observation of his hearers. Isabella expressed a desire of visiting the deserted mansion of Mr. Ratcliffe before she left the country; the contemplation of it, as the residence of so good a man, would impress her mind with melancholy awe and veneration. Sir Roger combined other impressions in his interpretation of this desire; but Doctor Sandford, who did not dive quite so deep into her



motives, proceeded to say, that much as he lamented the loss of his friend Ratcliffe, there was yet another reason with him, that made it a most gloomy spectacle in his sight; "I allude," said he, "to the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of a youth called Henry, who, under very mysterious circumstances, was rear'd and educated from infancy to manhood by that excellent man." A look of marked attention from Isabella, caused him to apply his discourse more immediately to her, and he proceeded to say—"Ah! Madam, to me, who knew this young man, and regarded him as a creature little short of perfection in mind, person and manners, the loss of him without any tidings of his fate, is one of the heaviest reflections which my heart can muse upon. He was devoted to his patron and preceptor, and at his death seemed to have vanish'd like a ghost: whither he went, and what may have befallen him, Heaven only knows; but if human virtue merits a peculiar Providence, surely that youth, so lost to us, will be the object of Heaven's care."

"Your prediction is verified," cried Sir Roger, and immediately turning to Isabella, who

who was pale as ashes, tendered a glass of water, which perhaps was seldom if ever more critically applied.

Dr. Sandford, surprised at this alarm, gazed upon Isabella and her father, like a man who perceives he has done mischief, and neither knows what nor how.—“I hope,” he said, “I have given no offence, it is purely unintentional, if I have.”—“Not the least,” cried Sir Roger, “not the least offence, good sir, but quite the contrary; we think of this young man as highly as you do; we know him well, and we love him much.”—“I rejoice to hear it,” cried Sandford, “from my heart, I rejoice to hear that the young man is under your protection: Heaven has indeed been bountiful in granting him so good a friend!”

It was at this very moment that Isabella, though agitated by a variety of thoughts, conceived the resolution of suggesting to her father the nomination of young Sandford to Mr. Ratcliffe’s vacancy, and to back it with all her influence. No sooner had she rallied her spirits, than her eyes directed such a glowing beam of gratitude and benevolence towards those of the good old Doctor, that he must

must have been blind indeed if he had not seen, and dull as death if he had not understood the language of that look. He was neither void of sight or sense, but sufficiently quick in both, to perceive that he had given pleasure by his praise of Henry, to one of the most beautiful and not the least sensitive objects in creation; and he was not slow to conclude, that where so much joy was caused some affection must exist; he therefore ventured to enquire where his favourite was to be found. To this Isabella replied, by giving a short narrative of his story, which left him at Falmouth, beyond which her information did not enable her to proceed,—“Then I’ll engage we shall see him here,” said the Doctor, “and I hope, if he comes, he will gratify me so far as to make my house his home, which will be matter of peculiar joy to my poor son, who has beat the whole country round in search of him, till despair has driven him from the attempt.”—“I hope then,” cried Isabella, “you will lose no time in giving Mr. Sandford the information so agreeable to him.”—Here she was joined by Sir Roger, who so cordially desired a servant might be instantly sent off to invite him, that the old man, who confessed he



was hard by at the parsonage, consented with no small pleasure to the summons; and if that fatherly pleasure needed a justification, the appearance of young Sandford, which a few minutes produced, very effectually afforded it, for he was in person, manners and address, a son to be proud of.

Isabella's warm heart immediately accorded to him; he was the friend of Henry; that was enough: the blaze of beauty, that good humour threw upon her enchanting countenance as she welcomed him with smiles, so dazzled him upon his first introduction to her, that his admiration resembled awkwardness, and he scarce knew how to address himself to her; the charms of her voice, and the encouraging sweetness of her manner, soon put him at his ease, without diminishing his respect. The company now naturally classed themselves according to their ages, and whilst the fathers fell into discourse upon matters of business, the young people entertained each other upon topics more suitable to their taste.

Friendship for Henry on one part, and love on the other, were not long in agreeing upon what that topic should be, and it soon became manifest

manifest that the history of our hero's adventures was reciprocally the most interesting subject they could talk upon. Isabella again went over the account, enlarging upon it with many more particulars than she had thought necessary to recite in her first narration; but there was now only one hearer, and to him every circumstance was new; to say that he heard her with delight, is to do justice to but one of his senses, when there was another at least in full occupation, which filled his heart with rapture, and would have made *the dullest tale of sorrow pleasing*.—"What voice do I hear?" said he, within himself; "what vision do I behold? She breathes through rows of pearls over beds of roses. 'Tis an enchantment! she will vanish presently, and I shall start out of my trance."

When Isabella had brought her history to a close, young Sandford remained silent for some time, as if unwilling to take the discourse from one whom he had listened to with such delight; at last, perceiving that she expected a reply, he thanked her for the entertainment she had vouchsafed him, every circumstance of which had been very highly interesting to him,

him, whose mind had been so long kept in anxious suspense about the fate of a friend, who was deservedly so dear to him. "I always lov'd Henry," said he, "from a boy, and though there were some years between us, yet his manly character, his command of temper, and excellent understanding, gave him advantages which my greater maturity of age and experience could not compensate for: on many occasions I have profited by his better judgment, not unfrequently by his friendly reproof, and more than once have been very seriously indebted to his zealous spirit and undaunted gallantry: I hear therefore of his behaviour in the fight at sea with much more pleasure than surprise; for I believe nothing braver lives on earth; but there is withal a tenderness and candour in his nature, that endear him to our hearts, as much as his more brilliant qualities entitle him to our admiration. If ever that day shall come to pass, when the clouds that obscure his birth shall disperse, I am persuaded it will be found that he is of noble descent, and should the same good fortune raise him to affluence and an elevated situation, I am certain there is no sphere  
in



in life so extended which his virtues will not adorn and fill.

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## CHAPTER VI.

*A short Excursion leads to an important Interview.*

AT the expected time arrived the body of the deceased Lady Crowbery, properly attended, and followed by a numerous company of the tenants and peasants appertaining to the estate. There is no need for us to describe the solemn pageantry of a funeral, it will suffice to say, that the mortal remains of one of the meekest and most benevolent of God's creatures were committed to the vault of her ancestors, with every ceremonious rite that could mark the respect of her surviving friends, and every tribute of unfeigned sorrow that could testify their affection. The service was performed by the reverend Dr. Sandford, assisted by his son, and the body was followed by Sir Roger Manstock and Isabella chief mourners :

mourners: a great concourse of spectators were assembled, amongst whom two strangers in horsemen's loose coats, were conspicuous for the eagerness with which they pressed forwards at the interment of the body, as well as for the interest they appeared to take in that affecting ceremony: deep affliction seemed to possess them wholly, and as they held their handkerchiefs to their faces all the while the service was performing, none of those whose attention was drawn towards them (and they were not a few) could get a sight of their faces, or learn by any enquiry who they were. After the service was over they separated themselves from the crowd, mounted their horses, and rode off with speed.

There was one however in that mournful assembly, whose attention had not been so totally engrossed by his share in it, as not to catch a sudden glimpse of these strangers, which led him to a pretty confident conjecture as to the person of one of them. It was young Sandford who had made this observation, and upon the first opportunity which offered of his speaking to Isabella apart, he communicated to her his persuasion that he had discovered his friend Henry amongst the croud, disguised

guised in a clownish dress, and accompanied by another person in the like habit. The probability immediately struck her, though she herself had not made any observation upon the spectators, general or particular.

We forgot to mention in its proper place, that we had a friend amongst the mourners, Zachary Cawdle by name, who had accompanied the hearse all the way from Falmouth in an attendant coach: he was now lodged in Hagley Hall, and it is hardly to be supposed that our fair heroine had failed to make certain enquiries of him, which might now have made any further questions about Henry's appearance at the funeral unnecessary; but the fact was, that these enquiries had not produced any other information from honest Zachary, except that Henry, accompanied by a gentleman who called himself Smith, had parted from him at Falmouth, disclosing nothing more of his future plan, than that he would be at Crowbery within such a time, and hoped to meet him there upon a certain business; to this Zachary added, under the seal of secrecy, that the self-named Mr. Smith was veritably that identical Mr. Delapoer, from whom Lady Crowbery was rescued by her father



ther within a stage of Gretna Green, and who had been ever since in the East Indies, from whence he was lately returned with an affluent fortune. Here Zachary stopt, and with a sagacious look eyed the young lady, whose knowledge of the secret in his keeping supplied all the rest, which he in justice to his trust suppressed.

All this Isabella had gained from Zachary within a few hours after his arrival, so that when Mr. Sandford imparted to her his supposed discovery of Henry, in company with a person unknown, her own suggestions readily found a name for that person, without resorting to Zachary for any further intelligence. There was one reflection Isabella drew from this account, that was consolatory to her mind in its present state of anxious suspense—Henry had found a father, and under all events was probably secured against any future danger of experiencing distress of circumstances: this consideration also helped her to account in some degree for her cousin's silence in her will, an omission otherwise both inexplicable, and in her sense of it inexcusable.

It had occurred to Sandford, and he suggested it to Isabella, that it was likely Henry would

would be found somewhere in or about the house of his deceased benefactor Ratcliffe; and the probability of this so struck that young lady, as to determine her upon putting her projected visit to that mansion into immediate execution. She accordingly, with her father's consent, obtained his chaise for an airing, and immediately directed it to the point she had in view; fortunately for her purpose she was alone, and whilst her heart throbbed with the hopes of meeting the dearest object of its thoughts, reflecting upon the difficulties that darkened all her views of happiness, she trembled as she approached the spot, and dreaded what she most desired, an interview with Henry. At the bottom of a little hanging garden, in front of a neat but humble mansion, her carriage stopt and she got out. A little wicket in a low thorn hedge-row of hornbeam was open, and admitted her into the garden; the slope was rather steep, and she slowly fauntered up it gazing about her on each side, and surveying the small but interesting scene with a pensive sensibility. She was noticed by an old woman, who presented herself at the house door, and asked her commands: Isabella said she wished to see the rooms, and that

that it was not idle curiosity, but respect for the memory of the late inhabitant had brought her thither.—“ Then pray, madam, walk in and welcome, perhaps you belong to the dear young gentleman who is now in the house, and sure enough I am the happiest creature living to see him safe and once more amongst us, after being lost so long: he is in the little back parlour, which was my late master’s study, all alone, and there he has been these two long hours, forbidding me to interrupt him, though I wou’d fain have come in and kept him company, in hopes to have chear’d him a bit, for I know he must be melancholy to think of the days he pass’d in that room with my dear good dead master, who lov’d him as if he had been the father of him.”

This intelligence so agitated the tender spirits of Isabella, that she paused in suspense, and for a while stood musing what to do. At length, having resolved to proceed, she desired to be shewn the room where the gentleman was; the old woman conducted her through a little vestibule into a plain neat parlour, and there pointing to a door that was opposite to the windows, she said, “ That is my late master’s study; there Mr. Henry is.”

Isabella



Isabella desired to be left, and when the dame had disappeared she approached the door, and with a trembling hand turned the lock, and presented to the sight of Henry an object so welcome and so unexpected, that starting with ecstasy from his seat he exclaimed, " Good Heavens ! do I behold Miss Manstock ? May I believe my eyes ? Are you alone ? "

" I am here alone," she replied, whilst blushes overspread her face ; " and I confess my purpose was to find you out. I heard you was present at a mournful meeting : you was discover'd, Henry, but not by me."

He approached her respectfully ; took her hand, and tenderly pressed his lips upon it. It was visible that he had been in tears, his eyes were red with weeping. He fixt them on her with a look so full of love and transport, as caused the timid sensibility of Isabella to shrink back and retire a few steps, which instantly observing he recollected himself, and in the mildest accent beseeched her to believe he knew the distance he should keep in presence of such purity. " But if I had the power," said he, " by words to paint to you how beautiful you are, how exquisitely charming

ing

ing you appear, thus breaking forth upon me by surprize, and overpowering all my faculties with unexpected joy, you would in candour own I had some struggles to subdue: yet fear me not; if it were possible to lose myself through an excess of love, it is not here, within the mansion of virtue, you cou'd be a witness to my disorder."

" I have no fears," she replied, " I commit myself to you with perfect confidence; and gladly seize the opportunity of conversing with you in private, anxious to assure you that my heart remains unalter'd, that it sympathizes with you in your sorrows, in your joys; for if you have lost a mother, Henry, I am told you have found a father, and that I hope, in some degree, will balance your affliction. As to this estate, which I consider myself as holding in trust for your use, I have only conjecture to assist me in my interpretation of my cousin's will, having receiv'd no private instructions from her before her death; therefore I conjure you, Henry, if you know her wishes, impart them to me fully and without reserve: I am confident it cou'd not be her purpose to pass you over, and heap an useless fortune in your wrong on me."

“ Ah ! loveliest of women,” cried Henry, “ of what use is all this world can give to me, without the hope, on which alone I live ? If I am bereft of that, I have more than misery can want already ; what matters it how a solitary being languishes out an irksome life ? Let me sink into obscurity without a name, which only can disgrace the memory of my unhappy mother, and give cause of triumph to her cruel persecutor, who survives her : perhaps my Isabella’s father wou’d be wounded in his pride of family, if I were publish’d to the world the heir of Lady Crowbery and the son of Delapoer.”

“ Henry,” cried Isabella, eagerly interrupting him, “ you strike upon the very circumstance that causes all my terror and distress : my father’s feelings are exactly what you suppose them to be ; and all the opposition he ever gave to your pretensions, arose from the suspicion he entertain’d of your being the son of his niece. He now, from the nature of my cousin’s will, is persuaded to the contrary of that suspicion, and is become your cordial friend : knowing, therefore, that he is now acting towards you under the impression of a mistaken conclusion, what a situation am I in !

To



To avail myself of his delusion, and carry on a deceit against him, is what my nature revolts from; to undeceive him and reveal a secret I have pledged myself to keep, is what I cannot do: hard indeed is that dilemma which puts me under equal difficulties, whether I resort to silence or confession. Nothing can extricate me from it, unless you are so fully possessed of Lady Crowbery's mind, or have such written instructions in charge, as may either direct me how to act towards my father, or leave me to make use of my own discretion by releasing me from my engagement. If you have any such therefore to report or to produce, impart them to me, I beseech you, for both our sakes."

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## CHAPTER VII.

*The Interview is brought to a Conclusion.*

WHEN our hero heard himself thus earnestly called upon to produce the letter he was encharged with, though his delicacy would have been better gratified, could

he have been absent whilst Isabella read it, yet he no longer hesitated to deliver it to her, telling her at the same time that it was written by his mother three days only before her death, and that the contents had never been imparted to him, nor in any respect suggested by him. To this she made answer, by assuring him, she gave perfect credit to his delicacy in the business, and that her only apology for reading it in his presence was her wish to be instructed in her cousin's pleasure touching an affair, on which their mutual happiness depended. "I am fetter'd," added she, "till this letter sets me free, if indeed it shall do that: without some clue to guide me, how shall I ever extricate myself from this labyrinth of difficulties, in which I am lost? Oh Henry! before I open this important paper, let me confess to you that I perceive all which is dear to me in life may be decided by it; and I feel a thousand anxious fears, lest fidelity to a fatal promise, and duty to a respected father, should seal me down to silence, and separate us perhaps for ever."

"And wou'd that sad necessity," he demanded, "so terrible to me, cause a regret in you? Does my beloved, my adored Isabella wish

wish to reward her Henry's faithful love? Have I an interest in her heart?"—"You shou'd know that," she tenderly replied, "for you possess it wholly; that fond heart is your's."

Language is nothing; words can give no picture of those soft emotions which a sincere and virtuous passion, when alarmed by dangers, can in the crisis of its fate excite within a feeling bosom. It is then the soul looks through the eyes, and by its own intelligible emanation intimates to the beloved object thoughts and sensations, which no eloquence can so describe. Such was the look that in this interesting moment glanced from Isabella's eyes to Henry's. He had been more or less than man, had he remained unmoved and master of himself. Our hero was a man, one of the bravest and the best of Nature's family; but still he was her son, and by inheritance made subject to those sallies and alarms of passion, which mere mortality cannot at all times conquer and repress. Temperance he had, we have given it upon proof recorded in his history; respect he never wanted in the presence of virtue, and virtue was present in the person of Isabella; yet impetuous love



hurried him on, and as her fond eyes glanced upon him, he threw his arms in rapture round her beauteous waist, and pressed her ardently in his presumptuous embrace.

I am but Nature's copyist, her scribe, and dare not add or take away without her leave : it is Nature therefore, and not I, that must explain why Isabella, pure as the untouch'd lily, did not shrink away and sever her sweet form from Henry's arms : yet so it was, and so I write it down as my responsible directress dictates. The letter was yet unopened, and now the blushing Isabella, having mildly reprov'd her too ardent lover, and taken her seat at some little distance from him, read as follows :

“ Fully sensible that my last hour of life is  
“ close at hand, I write to you, my beloved  
“ Isabella, whilst it is yet in my power, a few  
“ lines, to be delivered into your hands by  
“ my son, when I shall be no more. An un-  
“ expected meeting with his father, under  
“ most peculiar circumstances, having provi-  
“ dentially taken place, I have at their joint  
“ instance been prevailed upon to bequeath  
“ my whole fortune to you, making no men-  
“ tion whatever of my Henry in my will.  
“ Their

“ Their motive for this generous sacrifice has  
“ been extreme delicacy towards my me-  
“ mory ; and mine for complying with it has  
“ been confidence in your justice, and a per-  
“ fect conviction that my Henry lives but in  
“ the hope of sharing life and all its interests  
“ with you. If this happy union takes place  
“ all will be well, and my spirit shall rest in  
“ peace : if not, alas ! no wealth can profit  
“ him ; nothing that I can give will save  
“ him from despair. Duplicity never was my  
“ Isabella’s character ; I therefore die in the  
“ persuasion that you love my son : that love  
“ will inspire you with the means of reconcil-  
“ ing your connection with him to the feel-  
“ ings of your father, be they of what sort  
“ they may. I leave this to your conduct  
“ and discretion, and for that purpose totally  
“ release you from all past promises respecting  
“ what in secrecy I have imparted to you : I  
“ only think Lord Crowbery should not know  
“ it, as his insulting temper may in that case  
“ provoke events that might disturb your fu-  
“ ture peace, and plunge you into serious dis-  
“ tress. May Providence direct you in it’s  
“ wisdom, and preserve you in it’s mercy !  
“ Think of me with the candour that belongs

“ to you, pardon my errors, protect my memory, remember my last wishes: You and my Henry will have my dying prayers! Farewell for ever!

“ C E C I L I A.”

Ifabella having perused this letter with silent attention, delivered it to Henry for his reading, which, when he had done, he said, as he returned it to her—“ My fate is in your hands; whether I am or am not avow'd to Sir Roger Manstock, depends on your pleasure; and so entirely am I resign'd to it, that if your commands shall be for my immediate departure, painful as obedience in that case will be, yet I will obey, provided I am not banish'd without hope, but may be permitted to believe that there is one conclusion in that letter, on which all my happiness depends, not falsely drawn, and that the fond *persuasion*, in which my lamented mother died, has some foundation in your heart. There, whilst I hold a place, life must be dear to me, and my ambition to deserve at distance some remembrance in your thoughts, will animate me to such efforts, as may happily, in time to come, obtain your father's favour. Behold me then, loveliest



loveliest of women, your devoted creature, and pronounce my doom."

Here Isabella raised her eyes, and turning them upon him, with a look that smiled through tears, replied,—“ If 'twas with me to pronounce upon your fate, your happiness wou'd be complete; for why shou'd I affect to disguise what your own observation must have discover'd, that you have all the interest in my heart, which this letter gives you? Well might the dear lamented writer be *persuaded* of a truth too obvious to escape her, nor doubt of an attachment which I, so far from striving to conceal, hold it my point of honour to avow. Hypocrisy has ever been my scorn; I trust that modesty does not need it, and I am certain that your character will ever grace the woman that admires it.”

“ Then I am blest indeed!” exclaimed the enraptured lover; “ thus honour'd by your approbation, I am fortified against all difficulties: direct me what to do, for I am ready”—  
“ There I am still to seek,” said Isabella, “ and time does not allow for our debating this important point with the deliberation it requires. One thing is certain, whilst you are undiscover'd you will be sure to find a wel-

come from my father : come to us then with all your former mystery about you ; make your own observations on the spot, we shall have opportunities of further conversation on the subject, and those opportunities perhaps will not be totally unpleasant, though they may not produce all the effects that our uncertainty might wish for. We may renew our walks at least, and you may amuse your fancy with projecting future alterations and embellishments in a place that must at all events become your property. We shall remain a few days in this spot, and though we cannot cheer your spirits with amusing scenes or lively company, my best endeavours shall not be wanting to dispel the gloom of sadness, or to share it with you in bewailing our lost friend, and soothing you with all the tender sympathy that a fond faithful heart can feel."

Saying this, she leant her hand on his, and gently pressed it; the sweet manner of it was so modest, and withal so captivating, that all his senses were absorbed in love.—"Now we must part," she said, "my time is out, and these are moments, Henry, that will never stay : but come to us, I charge you come ; I shall prepare my father to expect you, and let  
it

it be this evening." This said, the lovers separated; Isabella returned to Hagley Hall, and Henry to his father.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

*The Discovery of a posthumous Paper causes great Sensations.*

THE death of Lady Crowbery had so deeply affected Delapoer, that Henry saw with concern a very visible alteration in his state of health, and a fixt melancholy that seemed to take possession of him wholly. Balancing between duty and inclination, he scarce knew how to decide with respect to Isabella's tempting invitation. Upon discoursing with his father, however, he found him so resolved to take up his abode in the neighbourhood of Hagley, that he immediately began to cast about in his thoughts for some fit place for him to reside in; and it soon occurred to him that the very house, where his late happy interview with Isabella had taken place, would be



of all situations most desirable, if that preferment should devolve upon any person unencumbered with a family: this idea, by a very natural transition, suggested to him the probability of his friend young Sandford's being thought of for that succession; and as he entertained a very high opinion of his merit, he determined to employ his interest with Isabella in his behalf.

This idea Henry communicated to his father, and found him so eager to embrace it, and so pressing for him to lose no time in visiting Sir Roger Manstock, that he set out for Hagley Hall without delay; here he received a very cordial welcome from the worthy Baronet, whom he found alone, and already apprised of his coming by Isabella. Speaking of his niece's death, Sir Roger took notice to Henry of his being overlooked in her will as a matter that caused some surprize, and which he could not well account for, having heard the deceased more than once declare her intentions of providing for him at her death; adding, that he considered himself as heir to those intentions, and telling him not to be cast down, for in his friendship he should find a resource against all disappointments.

To this Henry made answer, that the excellent Lady alluded to, who always acted from the best and purest motives, had faithfully fulfilled all promises she had ever made him, and that his grateful respect for her memory would never cease but with life itself. He thanked Sir Roger for the offer of his friendship, which he accepted as the highest honour he could aspire to, and which he would study to merit and preserve by every effort in his power; favours of any other sort, he flattered himself he should not stand in need of.

Here their conversation was cut short by the arrival of Doctor Sandford, who had not been many minutes in the room, before Henry had the satisfaction to hear Sir Roger Manstock acquaint him, that, with his daughter's concurrence, he had determined to nominate his son to the living late enjoyed by the Reverend Mr. Ratcliffe. The good man expressed a lively sense of gratitude on this occasion, and his happiness seemed complete.

Henry, in a private conversation with his friend Zachary Cawdle, revived the subject of Billy Williams; and as Zachary was now determined upon retiring from business on his annuity bequeathed to him by Lady Crowbery, he

he very readily engaged to make over his shop and effects to Williams, upon fair and equitable terms, which should be adjusted when that gentleman should obtain a discharge from his ship, and make his appearance at Crowbery, for which place Zachary intended to set out the next morning. This matter being settled to Henry's entire content, for he was much attached to Williams, Zachary began to speak of matters more immediately interesting; and turning to our hero, he said—  
“ In this very room where we are now sitting, I brought you into the world; and surely it is now full time you should assume some proper name and station in society. Life is uncertain; and though, thank God, I feel myself stout and hearty at this present moment, yet we are all liable to casualties, and nobody can say how long it may be before I follow your good mother, in which case you wou'd lose a witness to your birth, whose testimony is most material. You have a father, it is true, whose fortune can in some respect indemnify you for the disinterested, and give me leave to call it, the wanton sacrifice you have made of this noble property, which had else been your's; but that father also, if I have any skill in my profession,



sion, is in a very precarious state of health; his spirits sink, and his constitution threatens swift decay. It behoves you therefore, my dear Henry, to look about you: if you have put aside your inheritance, in the hope of sharing it with the amiable young lady who now possesses it, methinks you wou'd do well to lose no time in bringing that expectancy to bear; and why you shou'd persist in concealing yourself from Sir Roger Manstock, who seems to be so favourably dispos'd, and entertains you with such kindness and regard, is what I cannot understand. You'll pardon me for the freedom I take in talking to you on a subject, in which I am no otherwise concern'd, but as my friendship and good wishes interest me in every thing that relates to you; for in truth, dear Henry, I have a very warm and tender heart towards you, and ever had from the first moment fortune threw you in my way."

"Your zeal," said Henry, "can stand in need of no apology; and I am free to confess to you, that my situation with respect to Sir Roger Manstock becomes every hour more and more irksome to me, as every species of disguise must be. When I know that I am indebted

indebted to a misconception for the kindness he shews me, I cannot enjoy the fruits of it with content. It blights the happiness I shou'd else receive in the society of the loveliest of women; and though I have every reason to fear that the discovery of my birth wou'd be instantly follow'd by my dismissal from every hope that points towards an alliance with his amiable daughter, yet my conscience so revolts against deceit, that I will sooner meet the worst of misfortunes, and embrace despair, than persist to act the counterfeit, as I have hitherto been compell'd to do. You therefore see, my worthy friend, how entirely my feelings coincide with your counsel; and I am resolv'd, with Isabella's leave, to-morrow shall not pass without an explanation on my part: let me then request, that you will not set out upon your journey, till that event is over, as it cannot fail to happen that we shall appeal to you."

Zachary signified his perfect compliance with this request, and Henry declared his resolution accordingly. An occurrence in the mean time had come to pass, which anticipated all the consequences incidental to that resolution. Sir Roger Manstock, whilst discoursing

courting with Doctor Sandford upon some particulars relative to the living intended for his son, had occasion to refer to some papers of the late Mr. Ratcliffe, which the Doctor told him were to be found in a certain old-fashioned cabinet, where he himself had deposited them upon the death of that gentleman, and of which he kept the key. The papers were easily found; but in taking them out, it appeared to Sir Roger, that there was some secret machinery at the bottom of the cell, in which they laid, for hiding money or valuables in a small compass; and upon a closer scrutiny, a joint was discovered, which, upon the insertion of a penknife, was made to slide back, and in it was found a small packet folded in the form of a letter unsealed. Upon opening this packet, Sir Roger immediately recognized the hand-writing of his brother-in-law Sir Stephen Adamant, and read as follows:

“Particulars relative to my daughter Cecilia, to be communicated to her uncle, Sir Roger Manstock, after my decease.”

This title he read aloud, and here he paused, closing the paper, and observing to his companion, that it was a very extraordinary  
and



and to him a very interesting discovery. "I confess to you," added he, "my curiosity is highly agitated, nay so much am I affected by the suddenness of the surprize, that I can scarce command myself enough to proceed with the perusal of it. It seems to have been my brother's purpose that I shou'd be made acquainted with the contents, yet no such communication was ever made to me, so that in honour I am hardly satisfied that I ought to read any further. Have you, Doctor Sandford, any knowledge of this paper? You was most in the confidence of Sir Stephen: if you have any information on the subject, give it me; if not, advise me what to do."

"I have nothing to guide me but conjecture," replied the Doctor; "but I shou'd presume there need be no hesitation on your part to read what professes to have been written for your information. The early attachment of our dear lamented lady is well known to every friend of the family; and I shou'd guess the paper may refer to that: there has ever been a mystery consequential of that transaction; and as it is probably develop'd in that posthumous packet, I will with your permission retire, whilst you examine it in private."

So

So saying, he left the room, and Sir Roger read as follows:—

“ Particulars relative to my daughter  
“ Cecilia, to be communicated to her  
“ uncle, Sir Roger Manstock, after my  
“ decease.

“ Upon the 14th day of August, 1761, my  
“ daughter, then of the age of sixteen and  
“ upwards, secretly escaped from Hagley-  
“ house, in company with a young cornet, the  
“ honourable Henry Delapoer, purposing to  
“ effect a stolen marriage at Gretna Green.

“ The young man, I confess, had made  
“ fair and open proposals for my daughter;  
“ but I had other views, and positively pro-  
“ hibited the connection. He was formed to  
“ engage a heart like Cecilia's; his person was  
“ fine, his manners and address were capti-  
“ vating in the extreme. Alas! mistaken man  
“ that I am, I knew not to what extremes her  
“ passion was capable of hurrying her, and  
“ foolishly expected that my authority could  
“ extinguish it. Love and nature set my  
“ power at nought, and my child, (in every  
“ other instance of her life the most dutiful  
“ creature breathing) broke loose from every  
“ filial

“ filial tie, and elop’d with her admirer.  
“ Furious in my wrath, and equally exas-  
“ perated against both parties, I pursued them  
“ along the road with such unremitting exer-  
“ tion, that upon their very last post I over-  
“ took and surpriz’d them in a public inn,  
“ where they were changing horses.

“ Here I forc’d them (Oh! fatal violence!)  
“ from each other’s arms, in spite of prayers,  
“ entreaties, and even confession, on Cecilia’s  
“ part, of an anticipated consummation, that  
“ took from innocence its virgin gloss, and,  
“ in the course of time, to the dishonour of  
“ my house and the ruin of my mind’s fu-  
“ ture peace, occasion’d my poor child to be  
“ an unmarried mother, whilst her disconso-  
“ late lover had left his native country, and em-  
“ barked for the East Indies.

“ Early in the month of May ensuing, Ce-  
“ cilia was secretly deliver’d in my own  
“ house of a male infant. Zachary Cawdle,  
“ a faithful man, and skilful in his profession,  
“ assisted her in that painful extremity.—Hea-  
“ ven and earth! can I describe my anguish,  
“ my remorse, my terrors, in those mo-  
“ ments! What would I then have given  
“ could I have recalled the banished father of  
“ my wretched grandson! How did my con-  
“ science



“ science rack me with remorse for having  
“ torn two hearts afunder, pledged to each  
“ other by every sacred vow, and virtually  
“ though not legally married! Oh! had I  
“ then had mercy in my wrath, had I allowed  
“ for nature, for affection, for the weakness of  
“ a fond doating girl at sixteen years of age,  
“ what misery had I prevented! what shame  
“ had I avoided! Let no father henceforth  
“ tread in my unwary steps—they will but  
“ lead him to remorse and agony.

“ And now ten years are past, whilst I have  
“ seen my daughter married to a despicable  
“ lord, who is her tyrant rather than her hus-  
“ band. In her my generation legitimately  
“ stops; no fruit can spring from such a  
“ stock; her bed is barren, and her heart is  
“ broken. Thank Heaven, my grandson  
“ Henry still survives; protected, reared and  
“ educated by the best of men, and of friends  
“ the most faithful, I see him fostered into  
“ early virtues by the forming hand of Rat-  
“cliffe. God of all mercies, bless and prosper  
“ the mysterious issue of my hapless child!  
“ Whilst my sad daughter lives and is Lord  
“ Crowbery’s wife, I dare not venture to  
“ avow the son of indiscretion. Hard fate  
“ for

“ for him, poor innocent, for my Cecilia, for  
“ myself!

“ Is there a friend now left to me on earth,  
“ in whose humane and honest heart I can  
“ repose my sorrows and my secret? Let me  
“ still hope there is; surely Sir Roger Man-  
“ stock is that candid, that trust-worthy  
“ friend.

“ To Sir Roger Manstock, to the uncle of  
“ my child, in confidence I bequeath this  
“ mournful narrative of my errors and mis-  
“ fortunes, imploring him, by all that he  
“ holds sacred, to protect and father the last  
“ relict of my house, my nameless unacknow-  
“ ledged child, to whom I trust a mother's  
“ love and justice will bequeath that property,  
“ which in this firm persuasion I have devised  
“ to her, and put into her free and absolute  
“ disposal, without limitation or restraint.  
“ Let Henry then take his father's name;  
“ I would not leave a stigma on my daugh-  
“ ter's memory. May Crowbery never have  
“ to say he took the refuse of a favour'd  
“ lover!

“ Sensible that I am hastening to the close  
“ of life, I would fain dedicate my short abid-  
“ ing time to atonement and repentance. To  
“ you

“ you therefore, Sir, my brother and my  
“ friend, I address this paper, avowing a full  
“ sense of my past errors, and a deep con-  
“ trition for that haughty spirit of revenge,  
“ which prompted me to blast the happiness  
“ of two persons formed for each other, wedded  
“ in spirit and in heart; and who, but for my  
“ fatal interference, would have blest the rem-  
“ nant of my days. To you, Sir, my brother  
“ and my friend, I once more solemnly be-  
“ queath my grandson Henry: you are your-  
“ self a father; you have a lovely daughter  
“ two years younger than my boy; nature  
“ has taught you how to judge of my sensa-  
“ tions by your own. To your family my  
“ fortune would have devolved had not this  
“ son of my Cecilia stood between us: may  
“ I not form a distant hope that time and  
“ education may hereafter so adorn and grace  
“ the work of nature, as to make him worthy  
“ your regard and love? The outset is auspi-  
“ cious; the promise of his infant years is  
“ flattering in the extreme. Should this fair  
“ blossom ripen into that perfection, which its  
“ early bloom gives hope of, and should your  
“ sweet child, my pretty god-daughter, when  
“ time with lenient hand has moulded her soft  
“ beauties



“ beauties into womanhood, be touched with  
 “ tender pity and esteem for my adopted  
 “ Henry, need I despair of your candour; or  
 “ must the want of that last form, that my  
 “ precipitancy interrupted, haunt him through  
 “ life, and cast him off from happiness without  
 “ his fault? May Heaven inspire your heart  
 “ with sentiments more generous! and may  
 “ he, who mixes blood from no ignoble  
 “ source with that which he derives from me,  
 “ merit a blessing great as my fond fancy has  
 “ devised. Farewell!”

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## CHAPTER IX.

*The Counsel of a Friend in a Dilemma. More  
 Secrets are brought to Light.*

THE perusal of this paper, which pointed  
 out to Sir Roger Manstock the son of  
 his niece, in the person of Henry, the admirer  
 of his daughter, threw him into deep medita-  
 tion, and exceedingly perplexed him how to  
 act in a case, where decision on either side mi-  
 litated against his feelings. The appeal was  
 solemn, that pleaded in favour of the youth,  
 the

the objection to his illegitimacy, and even to his proximity of blood, was no slight one, and Sir Roger's mind was long time balanced between difficulties. One point his conscience saw in the clearest light—the equity of Henry's claim to the property of his grandfather; and, according to the high sense of honour natural to him, he interpreted the paper he had just been reading: but how to act with respect to his daughter, whether to oppose or to countenance her attachment, was the question that embarrassed him. On the opposing side, there was a strong repugnance, arising from his habits of thinking, and from a certain pride of family, which revolted from the stain of illegitimacy; on the favourable side, there was much occurred to mitigate the rigour of these thoughts. The character of Henry pre-eminently pleaded in his behalf; the fatal consequences of paternal obduracy, so forcibly set forth in the recital of Sir Stephen, was a striking example before his eyes; and the pathetic adjuration, at the close of that recital, was an affecting appeal to his heart, which was sensibly felt.

'Tis in a crisis like this, when the mind is fluctuating between doubt and decision, that the voice of a friend is most welcome, and

then it is that new reasons, or reasons differently expressed and dilated, seldom fail to cut the knot that puzzles us to unravel. Sir Roger rung his bell, and requested the company of Doctor Sandford.

A better arbitrator could not be chosen; he read the paper attentively, and when called upon for his sentiments upon it, deliberately replied as follows: "I am not surpris'd at the discovery, which this paper gives; for though I was not a party to the secret of this young man's birth, I was ever in my private opinion persuaded of his being the son of those very parents now disclos'd to us. Well may the unhappy writer bewail his own obduracy; I knew the party rejected, and thought him every way deserving of the alliance he courted; Sir Stephen knew my sentiments, for he drew them from me, and I honestly committed my opinion to his consideration; it did not tally with his own, and I lost his confidence by the sincerity with which I gave it. Mr. Ratcliffe, in consequence of this, had charge of the infant—a better choice cou'd not be made, a worthier, wiser, more enlighten'd mind no man possess'd—to an education so excellent, the son of your niece did ample justice. Nature  
never



never form'd a more engaging person, instruction never cultivated a more accomplish'd mind."

Here Sir Roger interposed, declaring his entire concurrence in this testimony to his merits—"But with what face," he demanded, "can I hold up to the world the spurious issue of my deluded niece? What will Lord Crowbery say? What will the world at large say to an adoption like this? I shou'd be glad to hear your sentiments on this point of difficulty."

"With this paper in my hand," replied the Doctor, "I cannot resist the appeal it contains, nor refuse being advocate for the feelings of the writer of it. When I see a father taking on himself the reproach of being sole author of his daughter's errors and misfortunes, and weigh the circumstances that attended their elopement and arrest upon the way, I can hardly be induced to call their issue illegitimate. I shou'd go too far, if I was to deny the right of a parent to restrain, or to direct, the passions of his child; but Sir Stephen went farther, and exerted more authority than belong'd to him, when he compell'd a marriage with the Lord Viscount Crowbery; that is an act of tyranny over the human heart,

which I hold in abhorrence. What vows were interchang'd between your niece and her first lover we cannot know, but we can well conjecture they were solemn and sincere on both sides. Their hearts were married, tho' the *blacksmith* was not found that wou'd have clinch'd the chain. Shall then the son of love and promise be disclaim'd, because a few hours interven'd, and force was employ'd to tear their hands asunder, and compel them to a separation? Mark how the parent suffers in his conscience for this act of cruelty! So wou'd not I for all this world can give me. Henry is a virtuous youth: affix what criminality you please to the authors of his birth, we cannot so pervert all sense of justice, as to attach their stain to his character, however much we may wish to cover the memory of his mother from the malevolent attacks of Lord Crowbery and others, who may be basely dispos'd to blast it. This, I confess, shou'd be avoided as much as possible; and surely it will be no impossible thing to do that by proper precautions, with respect to Lord Crowbery at least, so long as he survives, which seems to have been the clear intention of the deceas'd lady, when she forebore to name her son in her will; and

as you have told me Henry himself was the chief promoter of this omission, I cannot doubt but he was fully acknowledg'd by his mother before she died."

"I don't doubt that," resumed Sir Roger, "and I hold my daughter bound to restore him to his inheritance upon every principle of honour and justice; but I am not bound to give him my daughter also."—"Far be it from me," replied the Doctor, "to say that; your daughter's inclination must precede a step so essential to her own happiness as that."—"But am I bound to follow, with my consent, her inclinations, if they shou'd point to him?"—"I must decline an answer to that question, being so partial as I am to Henry."—"Why that is answering it," replied Sir Roger, "to the fullest extent." Here their conference was interrupted by a servant, who announced a gentleman of the name of Smith, that requested a few minutes conversation in private with Sir Roger Manstock. Order being given for the gentleman's admittance, and Doctor Sandford having withdrawn, the father of our hero presented himself to the worthy Baronet, and addressed him to the following effect:—

"I am personally unknown to you, Sir Roger Manstock, but am no stranger to your



character, and hold it in the most perfect respect; I have therefore solicited a few minutes of your leisure, and you have politely granted it, for which I thank you, and will study not to abuse your patience. I have sent in a name by your servant, which, in your presence, I shou'd be asham'd to wear, being only an as-sum'd one, for reasons that, I trust, you will think not unworthy of a gentleman. My real name is Henry Delapoer, which, in times past, you may have heard attach'd to that of the loveliest, and by me the most lamented, of her sex; pardon me, if for the present I can proceed no further."

Sir Roger started with amaze; he smote his hands together with more than usual energy, and gazed upon the stranger with intense curiosity—"May I believe what I hear!" he cried: "Are you really Mr. Delapoer, the honourable Henry Delapoer, father——" There he stopt short, and checked the words that were upon his lips.—"Sir," interjected the visitor, "you was proceeding with your speech; may I request you to fill up the sentence?"

"You may," replied Sir Roger, after a short pause; "the words I was about to add were, the father of my niece's son."—"My  
conscience

conscience then is clear," said Delapoer; "you are possess'd of the secret, and I have broke no trust. Yes, Sir, I am that very person; miserable in the recollection of the bitterest disappointment that ever blasted human happiness, but honour'd in the virtues of that son, who is at once the memorial of our misfortune and the relict of our love. I may now say to Sir Roger Manstock all that a wounded heart suggests; I may speak of my sorrows, of my affection, of my despair, which is now hurrying me to the grave, where my betroth'd, my ever-lov'd Cecilia sleeps." Here a gust of tears interrupted his speech for a few instants; he wiped them away, and proceeded—"It is now my request, and I hope your charity will grant it, that my remains may be allow'd to rest in the vault beside those of that fainted being, who was by every obligation sacred in the eye of Heaven my true and all but legal wife. Sir, we were bound together by the holiest ties. Accursed be the breath that dares to contaminate the purity of my Cecilia's fame! If there was crime in our precipitancy, that crime be on my head, I will embrace the whole of the offence; let her unfeeling father take on himself the responsibility of our separation!

ration! Sir, I have held it matter of the strictest conscience, ever since that fatal moment, to keep unviolated the marriage bed, and I have religiously fulfill'd that sacred duty. One melancholy consolation Heaven vouchsaf'd; Providence employ'd the arm of my son to rescue me from death, when I was a prisoner on board a ship of the enemy, and at the last stage of existence; he brought me to the port of Falmouth; his piety and care preserv'd my life; fortune directed Cecilia to the same spot; I pass'd some days by the couch of that dying martyr, and she expir'd in the arms of me and of my son. Grant me then, I beseech you, my last earnest prayer, and let my corpse repose by her's."

The Baronet, whose long silence had been the effect of his sympathy in the feelings of the speaker, now found himself called upon for a reply at a time, when he was much more inclined to give a loose to tears than to words. He commanded himself notwithstanding so far as to assure his visitor, that his suit was granted, and to add withal, that he hoped it would be many years before that promise could be claimed. To this Delapoer replied, with many acknowledgments, that nothing but his



his conviction that no time was to be lost could have excused to himself the rude intrusion of so unseasonable a visit.

Here he paused, and seemed preparing to take his leave, when it occurred to Sir Roger as proper to apprise him, that he had possessed himself by chance of a posthumous paper, written by his niece's father, which had thrown great light on his state of mind, and which at the same time devolved a duty upon him, on the part of his daughter, of reinstating Henry in the whole of his grandfather's estate. "This," added he, "is an act of justice which I think I can take upon myself to say will be infallibly perform'd on our part; and I shall now put the paper into your hands for your perusal, and very highly interesting it is to you, Mr. Delapoer, and your representative."

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## CHAPTER X.

*Our History records a dreadful Incident.*

**D**ELAPOER having read the paper, returned it to Sir Roger, observing, that although the writer's change of sentiments

came too late for redress, it was to be hoped they were in time for the full purposes of repentance. He then proceeded to disclose to Sir Roger the state of his own circumstances in point of fortune, which, being settled upon Henry, would at all events make him an affluent man. "There is but one object in life," added he, "can make him a happy one. If I know his thoughts rightly, it is the person, not the property, of the present heiress of this estate, which he would receive as the greatest bounty she cou'd bestow upon him."

To this Sir Roger simply replied, that Henry was certainly a very amiable young man; and Delapoer, too delicate to press his wishes any further, politely took his leave and departed. In fact, the mind of the worthy Baronet was by no means made up to any determin'd measure, and as the recent death of Lady Crowbery secur'd him from any present call from either of the parties, he very gladly availed himself of the excuse for holding back his opinion, till it was more matured by experience and reflection.

Henry now wished to throw aside a mask he was no longer compelled to wear, and to declare himself to Sir Roger Manstock; but

as it was necessary, in the first place, to consult Isabella's opinion in the case, he followed her into the park, where he understood she was gone to take her evening walk. When he had mounted the hill that rose from the house, he caught a distant glimpse of her, as she was entering a grove of oaks, and immediately set out towards the spot with all the speed he could. He was yet at some distance, when a female shriek was heard as coming from some one in the grove, which struck him to the heart with the apprehension that his lovely Isabella was in danger or alarm. Already nearly breathless with his exertions, terror gave him all but wings upon a call so pressing, and he sprung forwards towards the voice with an impetuosity undescribable.

Swift as his motion was, our history demands a pause before we bring him to the rescue of the affrighted Isabella, whilst we account for the cause of that shriek so terrible to the ears of love.

In the near neighbourhood of Hagley House, without the enclosure of the park, there was a lonely mansion, tenanted by a person whose melancholy profession it was to take charge of those unhappy beings, who are deprived of



reason. One of these distracted objects, and probably the most pitiable in the whole wretched fraternity, was a young man of the name of Saunders, only son of a respectable clergyman, who had bred him in the line of his own profession, and given him an excellent education with that view, both at school and university. The youth, whom nature had endowed with uncommon talents, had more than equalled all the warmest expectations of a fond exulting father. Every honour that moral conduct could merit, every prize that successful genius could contend for, had been fairly gained, and worthily possessed, by this young student; but strong imagination and a feeling heart, the natural concomitants of superior genius, had conspired against the peace of poor Saunders, and by a disappointment in love, had made wreck of a mind full freighted with science, and richly endowed with every noble quality. The object of his passion was unfortunately one, to whom, in point of rank and circumstances, he could not aspire; and though she felt his merits, and was flattered by his attentions, yet his suit was peremptorily and proudly rejected by her father, who had higher views, and over-ruled the affections of his  
child

child with absolute authority. The same fine taste that taught him to select and admire the purest models of classical composition, inspired him with a passion for the elegant and beautiful Louisa Beaufort: his opportunities of conversing with her were not frequent; for Sir Ferdinand her father was not easy of access from one so much his inferior, and Saunders was reduced to a variety of humble shifts to make known to Louisa the flame that was consuming him, and gradually undermining the foundations of a solid understanding. The smile, which at some stolen moment she could bestow upon him, was his only hope; on these reflections he fed, and, by the help of a vivid fancy, sketched out dreams and visions of happiness, which in one fatal moment were forever blasted, by the intelligence of her being married to a titled lover. From this instant his deportment became irregular and capricious: at first he was loud and vehement in his complaints; he talked of the affair to all his friends, professed to treat it with contempt, and railed against the sex in general, venting upon them all the invectives, which his memory or imagination could suggest: he ransacked the poets ancient and modern for epigrams

epigrams and lampoons, and had by heart every tag and fragment of satire, which made for his purpose, and which Greek, Latin, or English could supply. If any one of his acquaintance spoke in praise of a woman, or even toasted the health of his mistress, he was ready with a dash at his folly, which oftentimes would have brought on serious discussions, had he not been very generally considered as a licensed railer, or had his companions been as prompt for quarrel as himself.

This humour being spent, his mind took a sudden turn to the contrary extreme, and poor Saunders was no more to be found in society; fullen and inaccessible, he shut himself into his college room, and centering all his ideas, heretofore so wild and excursive, in one single point, and dwelling invariably upon that with pertinacious melancholy, the vigour of his intellect began to melt away, whilst his constitution, partaking of the same debility, and attenuated by long fasting, was hastening to decay by actual inanition. A student, late so regular in his duties, could not absent himself from college hours without drawing the attention of his tutor and other members of the society upon him; the former of these one day  
took



took means of surprizing him in his room, where he discovered him on his knees, employed in loud and fervent prayer, to which his presence gave not the smallest interruption, whilst the poor suppliant continued to deplore his wretched state of mind in terms truly piteous and disconsolate, intermixt with petitions most earnest and devout for the preservation of his reason. His pitying visitor was melted at the scene of such distress, and having waited for a proper interval, applied such consolation as his charity could suggest upon the emergency, and instantly dispatched a letter to the father, apprising him of the dangerous condition to which his pupil was reduced. This sad intelligence soon brought the afflicted parent to be a witness of the total ruin of his hopes; he took the poor distracted creature with him to his own house, where, finding no relief to his disorder, but, on the contrary, an encrease of every symptom to an extravagance, that kept him under hourly alarm, he at last resolved to resign him wholly into the hands of a keeper, and in this house, before described, he placed him, where, for some months, he had been confined under proper regimen, though without any progress towards  
a cure,

cure, of which his wretched parent now began to lose all hope.

It had so chanced this very evening, that with a cunning peculiar to his distemper, he had contrived to elope from his keeper, and running out of the house at random, had made his way into Hagley Park, escaping the sight of his pursuers by hiding himself in the grove, where he was lying buried under the thickest of the underwood, when chance brought the beauteous Isabella, in her solitary ramble, to the very spot where he was concealed. A glimpse of her fair form, which his quick eye caught through the bushes, roused him instantly from his lair, and springing on her like a couchant tyger on the unwary passenger, he seized the trembling victim in his arms, roaring out in a yell of transport—"Have I caught you then at last, vile perjurd woman! traitress to my love! murderer of my peace! false, faithless Louisa, you have driven me to desperation; you have made me what I am, mad as the fires of Hecla, wild as the waves that swallow navigation up; and now, fyren, I'll be reveng'd upon you for my transformation; a beast of your own creation shall devour you; I'll pluck asunder those fine limbs, and scatter them

them to all the points of heaven. Come, come, no struggling; hence with all this frippery! away with it! you are but Nature's counterfeit; we'll have her full in sight, and then——."

Upon the instant, in that saving momentary crisis on which humanity will not admit of speculation's pause, our hero Henry, breathless, aghast, led thither by that unseen clue, which Providence had graciously bestowed for virtue's timely rescue, sprung upon the lunatic, and with a phrensy equal to his own, grasping him in his arms, hurled him violently to the ground, never quitting his hold, but accompanying him in his fall: in the same moment, the dishevelled Isabella, her cloak, handkerchief, and clothes torn from her, dropt inanimate at his side, without uttering even a sigh that shewed signs of life. Distracted with the sight, still he did not venture to let loose his desperate antagonist, who raved and foamed in all the furious excess of phrensy, yelling and gnashing with his teeth, a spectacle too horrible for contemplation. Emaciated as he was, the very spectre of famine, still his madness gave him nerves almost supernatural, and in their grappling all the vigour Henry's active



tive limbs could furnish, sometimes scarce sufficed to keep him under, and hold him down extended on his back ; at length the wretched creature gave one desperate struggle, then uttered a direful groan, and swooned upon the spot, stretching his limbs as if in the last pang of life.

Happily at this moment the keeper and his follower, guided to the spot by the yells and howlings of their patient, made their appearance, to the unspeakable relief of our exhausted hero, whose terrors for the beloved object, lying breathless by his side, were now become too agonizing to endure. Instantly he raised her in his arms, replaced the scattered fragments of her dress with tenderest attention, arranging it in a manner as decorous as her situation and his own distraction would admit, and calling out to the keeper for assistance in recovering her from her swoon. The man had skill, and was not wanting in humanity ; he knew withal the quality of the lady who stood in need of his assistance, and was terrified, not less on his own account than on her's, for the consequences of what had happened : bidding his servant take charge of the lunatic, by tying up his hands, he applied himself

himself directly to the recovery of the lady, and drawing out a case of lancets, recommended the immediate opening of a vein; this was eagerly acceded to by Henry, and in a few seconds the pure blood that fed the veins of the fairest form in nature sprung forth from the lancet, and at the same time the brightest eyes that ever lover looked upon, unveiled their lids, and fixt their sight on Henry, who, whilst assisting the operation just performed, had received upon his person the full gushing tribute of that sanguine stream so much dearer to him than what fed his own fond heart. The sight of this, to which in his confusion he had not adverted, so terrified the reviving Isabella, that the first sign she gave of recollection was a scream of terror on the discovery, crying out to the operator——  
“Leave, leave me, and staunch his wounds; he is bleeding to death, and do not think I will survive him.”

Joy seized the heart of Henry to hear the voice of his beloved Isabella, and to hear it first employed in anxious concern for him; he eagerly assured her he was not wounded; that the blood which alarmed her was her own;  
and

and upon these assurances, the stream that had stopped began to flow again, and her senses grew clear by the revulsion. When her arm was bound up, and her mind became composed, her attention was attracted by the disorder of her dress; surveying the confusion and derangement which her person had undergone, she perceived that certain articles had been replaced by hands not practised in those offices, and the sensation covered her with blushes: the emotion was not lost upon Henry; he could interpret what was passing in her thoughts, and took occasion, with a delicacy peculiar to himself, to allay and soothe her inquietude. She turned a look upon him that beggars all description; love beamed in her eyes, gratitude filled them with tears; then having caught a glimpse of Saunders, as he was under custody of his keeper, turned away with shuddering from the sight, and fell upon Henry's neck, crying out—"Oh my Henry! my preserver! from what horrors have you rescued me!"—Let those that have the powers of description paint his transports if they can; I sink beneath the task, and recommend it to the reader's fancy, if ever he experienced



experienced joy like this; if not, I wish he may deserve it, and obtain it.

The wretched object that had occasioned all this terror now engaged their attention; he had recovered from his swoon, but so wan and woe-begone as would have extracted pity from a heart of a stone; he was sitting on the ground, his hands confined with a bandage swathed round his wrists; he rolled his eyes about in wild disorder, and at last fixing them on his keeper, drooped his head, gave a deep sigh, and burst into tears. He was now at once become as meek and humble as he had been outrageous, and reason seemed to have revisited his mind with the return of temperance.—“I am a very wretched creature,” he cried, “and sensible of my misfortunes, that sometimes drive me into extravagancies I never fail to repent of: I know it is for my good that this worthy gentleman ties up my hands; but if he wou’d have the charity to set me at liberty, I wou’d convince him that I am not unfit to be trusted with the use of them; if he will not grant me this favour, I shou’d be much beholden to him, wou’d he have the kindness to remove a few paces out  
of

of sight, whilst I speak a word in the way of atonement to the gentleman I have offended. I have a secret on my mind, which I am desirous of imparting to him, and I can assure him, on my honour, I am this moment as perfectly in my senses as any man in England."

Here the keeper turned a look upon him, which he quickly understood as a sign for silence, and obeyed: a look no less intelligent was passing at the same moment in another quarter, for Henry, fixing his eyes upon the keeper's follower, recognized the person of the assassin O'Rourke, and perceiving certain indications in the fellow's countenance, which convinced him he was right, he said to him in a whisper—"Don't be alarm'd, O'Rourke, for I shall not betray you: if you execute this melancholy office faithfully and humanely, you are in a way to atone to society for the crime you have committed."

## CHAPTER XI.

*Which describes the Effects of that Incident, and concludes the Tenth Book of our History.*

POOR Saunders being now removed, and the operation of the bleeding having succeeded in restoring Isabella to the full possession of her senses, and in some degree of her strength, she declared herself able to walk to the house, and forbade the proposal of sending for a carriage, as it would create an alarm which could hardly fail of finding its way to her father. With her natural grace and good humour she accepted the apologies of the keeper of the lunatics, Gordon by name, who was very anxious to exculpate himself to the heiress of Hagley, and to tender his further services, if occasion required. In accounting for the escape of his patient, through the negligence of his servant, he took occasion to observe by the way, that a derangement of the reason, proceeding from disappointed love, was universally experienced to be the very worst species of madness that human nature was sub-

8 ject



ject to ; this, he said, was unhappily the case of Mr. Saunders, whom he despaired of as perfectly incurable.

“ Alas !” cried Henry, “ I pity him from my soul : I dare say his story is a melancholy one, but we will not trouble you to relate it.”

—This he said as a hint to Gordon, that any farther discourse on the subject, in Isabella’s hearing, should be avoided ; and it might be in part from the same motive that she declined his offer to attend upon her home, relying solely on the arm of her protector for her support by the way, and leaving Gordon to resume his melancholy vocation in the mansion of misery, on the skirts of the common, adjoining to the park.

Henry now, for the first time in his life, regretted the length of way he had to measure with his lovely but languid charge, and proceeded slowly and cautiously, regardful of every motion that might disturb her, and directing every step for her security and ease. With hearts full of gratitude to Providence, and glowing with the tenderest affection for each other, they walked silently on till they reached the boundary of the grove, where they came in view of the house, upon an open lawn,

lawn, that sloped with a gradual descent for the rest of their way. Here they were descried by Sir Roger and Doctor Sandford, as they were walking and conversing together within a few paces of the house: the Baronet observing that Isabella walked slowly, and seemed supported by Henry, on whose arm she was leaning, instantly took alarm, and calling out to the servants, who happened then to be out of the way, was heard by young Sandford, who, bolting out of the hall-door, flew to the call.—“Run, I beseech you,” said Sir Roger, pointing to the spot, “run to Isabella yonder, and tell me what has happen’d, for I greatly fear some accident has befallen, or some illness seiz’d her!”—Whilst these words were on his lips, the eager messenger caught sight of the object they referred to, and, seized with the like terror, sprung forwards with his utmost speed, whilst Sir Roger, trembling with apprehension, caught hold of his friend by the arm, and stood motionless on the spot, in dreadful expectation of the event. In the same moment, whilst Sandford was straining every nerve against the hill, Isabella, taken suddenly with a giddiness and loss of sight, had come to a stop, and unable to keep her

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feet, had fallen into Henry's arms, who, with one knee upon the ground, was supporting her whole weight on his breast and shoulder, himself pale as ashes, and oppressed with such agony of soul, as to be almost in the very act of fainting, when Sandford came most critically to his assistance. The house-servants mean time had seen what was going on, and taken the alarm; a pair of horses had fortunately been put to the chaise, and were ready in the stable-yard; one of the servants had presence of mind to order them to the spot immediately, which was as instantly obeyed. During this operation, Sir Roger remained immoveable, a spectacle of pity: Sandford saw his distress, and as soon as ever the chaise and servants came to the assistance of Isabella, ran back with all haste to Sir Roger, making signs, and calling out by the way that he had good news, all was well, and no danger. Two servants had very considerately mounted behind the carriage, and by their help the faint and languid Isabella was lifted to the seat, and placed upon it as much at her length as it admitted of: she now opened her eyes, and cast them round in search for her preserver; he was sitting on the ground totally exhausted,  
and

and in a situation, as it seemed, more piteably helpless than her own. She would not move without him, and he could not stir without help towards her.—“Lay me on the floor of the chaise,” he cried, “and let me expire at her feet.”—She heard his voice, but luckily the words did not reach her ear: at that instant she started into life, and recovered as one out of a trance; the mist vanished from before her eyes, and seeing Henry on the ground, she conjured him to arise and come to her in the chaise. Her father and Doctor Sandford now approached: Sir Roger’s agitation, though much assuaged by what had been told him, was still very great, and as he came up to the chaise, the door of which was held open, she cried out—“Oh! my beloved father, be in no alarm on my account; dismiss your fears for me, and exert all your care for the recovery of my heroic preserver, to whose courage, under Providence, I am indebted for my life.”—Henry was now on his legs, and re-animated with the sound of her voice, seemed to have lost his debility with the terror that had created it: as he presented himself to her sight, Isabella exclaimed, —“Oh! blessed be Heaven, my protector



lives!"—Upon these words, Sir Roger turned a look upon him, in which that excess of gratitude, which will not admit of language, was so strikingly depicted, that, as he threw his arms about our hero's neck, he seemed to give him his whole heart with the embrace. His cheeks were wet with tears, he trembled and was faint; but nothing could persuade him to avail himself of the chaise; he peremptorily insisted upon Henry's taking his seat by Isabella—"Go, go," he cried, "I will not rob you of the honour you have earn'd; with you the darling of my soul is safe; take the place you so well merit, and let the same arm that sav'd my child, support her."

END OF BOOK THE TENTH.

BOOK

## BOOK THE ELEVENTH.

## CHAPTER I.

*Describes what our Heroine is, and what we wish  
our Virgin Readers to be.*

THE time is so nearly approaching, when I must close this history, that I am now in the situation of a man, who, being on the point of parting from friends, in whose company he has taken a long and pleasant tour, is anxious to call to mind any faults or omissions he may have fallen into, that he may explain such as will bear a justification, and ask pardon for what demands an apology.

To enter on a review of all my errors, is a task above my hands ; but there is one, I apprehend, apparently too gross to be overlooked by any of my readers ; I mean that of neglecting to describe the person of my heroine. If this is a crime, it is the more unpardonable, forasmuch as I cannot plead over-

sight and inadvertency in excuse of it; I have kept her portrait wilfully in its case, and not disclosed even the colour of her eyes, or set to view a single locket of her hair. Fielding's Sophia had locks of glossy black, more modern novels give their heroines flaxen tresses and azure eyes; there is a fashion in beauty; perhaps my Isabella had neither the jet of the raven, nor the ivory of the swan: I would prefix to these volumes an engraving from her portrait, but Henry would not let it out of his hands; and our great artists are so fully employed, that not one was at leisure to go down to Manstock-house to take the copy.

Now, as I have not the vanity to attempt an undertaking, which I believe no author has yet succeeded in, I will not aim to describe what will not bear a description: singularity or deformity may be delineated by the vehicle of words; perfect beauty eludes the power of language. Let it suffice for me to say, upon the faith of an historian, that my heroine was all the most doating lover, when dreaming of his mistress, fancies her to be, and something more than the self-admiring beauty beholds, when she examines herself in the glass. Yet in many things she fell short of some, whom  
I have



I have heard extolled above the modesty of praise: her eyes could not express what their's excel in; when they sparkled, it was with benevolence; when they languished, it was with pity; they were not repulsive enough to look a modest man out of countenance, nor attractive enough to inspire an impudent man with hope; good nature dimpled round her lips, that encased two rows of purest pearls, but scorn never pouted in the one, and the grin of folly never was put on to disclose the other: her voice was melody that kept the middle tones, for it could neither sound the pitch of an affected scream, nor grumble in the base note of a fullen murmur: her motions were the expressive marks that characterized her mind; composed and temperate, rage never agitated them; pride never distorted them; light and elastic when she hastened to the succour of the wretched, she neither aped the languor of sickness, nor the mincing step of affectation: she danced gracefully, but not like a professor; loved music, but was no performer; had an eye for nature, but never libelled a single feature of it by pen or pencil: she had read sufficiently for her years, and profitably for her instruction; she could express her thoughts in

speaking or in writing elegantly, and without embarrassment; but she possessed in its perfection, the still happier gift of a patient ear whilst others were speaking, and of a polite attention to what they spoke. Being the only child of her parents, the little bickerings of brothers and sisters never irritated her temper, nor did the triumphs of a rival ever fan one spark of envy in her breast: educated entirely by an excellent mother, she had no communication with governesses and servants, nor any friendships with caballing misses. That she was deceived in supposing her heart so pre-occupied by filial affection, as to be unassailable by love, these sheets have sufficiently evinced; but when she found herself surprized into a tender attachment, and fully understood the merits of the person who inspired it, she scorned to masque herself in false appearances, played off no vain coquetries to tease and tantalize her lover by affected scruples and counterfeited fears, but with a candour, that resulted from her purity of thought, gave him to know the interest he had gained, justly conceiving artifice need not be used to smother a confession, which honour dictated, and delicacy might avow.

If

If I offend against refinement, by describing an ingenuous nature, I make no other answer but by an appeal to the hearts of my readers, as in like cases I have done to those of my spectators: let them decree! when men of doubtful characters, for doubtful purposes, approach the fair, let the fair resort to their defences; I am no casuist in a case of cunning, nor am I fond of working to my point by crooked paths, or describing the base properties of degenerated nature. If any of my female readers has been taught to think hypocrisy a virtue, by the necessity she has been under of resorting to it, I will not argue against her prejudices for a friend that has been so useful to her, I can only say it is not a virtue I am studious to bestow upon the character of Isabella.

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## CHAPTER II.

*A modest Suitor does not hurt his Cause.*

WE left our heroine in distress, we therefore seize the first instant that our history admits of to resort to her again, and now



we find her with Henry at her side, under escort to Hagley House, where we commit her to the care of her assembled friends, with every anxious wish for her speedy and entire recovery.

As soon as the superintendant of the insane patients had seen poor Saunders securely cased in a straight waistcoat, and lodged in proper hands, he hastened to make his enquiries after the lady, who had suffered so severely by the negligence of his people, who had let a creature so wild as Saunders escape out of their charge. Interest and humanity conjointly prompted him to pay this mark of respect and atonement to a person who was now become proprietor of the house and land he lived in. Sir Roger Manstock was accessible to every body, and of course Gordon was admitted: from him he received the whole melancholy detail of Saunders's case, and the providential rescue of his beloved Isabella from the clutches of a raving maniac, inflamed with revenge against the sex, and probably bent both upon violation and murder. What were his obligations then to the courage and vigour of her defender, when he heard, with horror thrilling through his veins, this awful narrative of the  
danger

danger she had been snatched from ! His heart ran over with gratitude to Heaven, and acknowledgments to Henry.

No sooner was Gordon departed, than Sir Roger sent a summons to our hero, determined to discharge himself in some degree of the weight of obligations which pressed upon his mind, by an instant acknowledgment of him as the son of his niece, and every offer of an unreserved friendship in future.—“ If then he demands my daughter,” he said within himself, “ can I refuse him the possession of what he has preserv’d ? Cou’d I hold out against a claim so just, and drive him who has given her life a second time, into the like condition with that wretched maniac ? ” — Whilst these reflections occupied his mind, the servant he had sent for Henry, made report that he was not to be found, and indeed as he had not ventured upon an intrusion into Isabella’s apartment, it is not to be wondered at that his search was fruitless. Here his presence was still indispensable, for nothing but the cheering sight of her defender, and his persuasive voice, could yet allay the tumult of her mind. Constitutions less strong than Isabella’s might have sunk entirely under such a shock ; the ravage it made in

her nerves was not inconsiderable, and great attention was necessary to prevent further derangement. Zachary, whose services were now in demand, of course postponed his journey, and paid close attendance upon his lovely patient. Silence and repose were the great and only restoratives in request; with this view a couch was provided in her dressing room, and on this was displayed the fairest form in creation, whilst at her side, in pensive mute attention to each breath she drew, sat Henry, whilst a servant, posted without the chamber-door, kept watch against disturbers of her slumbers. And now the gentle power of sleep had visited her senses, descending like the dove of peace with downy pinions on her troubled spirit; one glimmering ray of evening light scarcely sufficed to shadow out her form, and on this the eyes of Henry invariably were fixt, whilst he held her hand fast locked in his, careful to prevent the slightest movement, if it were possible, even of a fibre to awaken her.

In the mean time, the news had reached Doctor Sandford, who, in company with his son, instantly resorted to Hagley House: even Delapoer himself, in the adjoining village,



lage, had received the alarming intelligence, magnified as usual in its passage, and he had also joined the anxious groupe of visitors to Sir Roger. Whilst strict order of silence was observed through all that region of the house, which was dedicated to Isabella, this groupe of friends waited the issue of her present repose with anxious hope, and Henry's praises were in the mean time the general topic of their discourse: even the modest diffidence of young Saunders was overcome by the warmth of their applauses, and he gave his voice to the chorus with peculiar glee; for he loved our young hero, and was beloved by him; he also, at humble distance, adored his lovely patroness, whose grace of giving had the power of doubling every bounty she bestowed, and Sandford's was the very heart to feel that grace in its full compass and extent.

Honest Zachary also joined the company; he communicated to them with cordial delight the favourable situation of his patient above stairs, wrapt in soft repose and guarded by the preserver of her life. He then expatiated very learnedly upon the dismal effects of sudden frights and perturbations, with the different modes of treating them, arguing  
with

with great display of reason, that no one process was so efficacious as the soothing attention of some affectionate person best beloved by the suffering object. In the course of this discussion, the learned lecturer got himself so completely entangled amongst the fibrous ramifications of the nervous system, that after many fruitless struggles, and as many plunges into deeper difficulties, Zachary left nothing clear to the edification of his hearers, except that love was one of the strongest of the human passions, that the person best beloved was decidedly the most welcome to the person loving; that sleep was a grand restorer of exhausted nature; and finally, that it was his opinion, the young lady upstairs would sleep the better for Henry's sitting by her, and of course that his society would forward her recovery. To all these conclusions, there was not amongst the company present one single opponent, though Sir Roger, whilst he acquiesced in these general deductions, chose to make use of the word gratitude on the part of his daughter, in place of the broader, and, perhaps, more apposite term which Zachary had employed on the same subject.

There was indeed one person in company,

whom long experience of the fatal power of love, deep sensibility of its effects, and sufficient eloquence to have descanted on that topic, qualified to speak what would have been worth the attention of the hearers, had he been so disposed; but silence and sorrow seemed to have entire possession of poor Delapoer; still one ray of hope cheered the gloom of his ideas, and that was derived from the prospect now given him, by the declared attachment of Isabella to his son.

Doctor Sandford observed to Zachary with a smile, that he did not wonder if he had found some difficulty, in treating upon love, to preserve a due distinction of ideas, since it was an affection that shewed itself under so many symptoms and descriptions, being in some cases an actual disease, in others an effectual remedy. The medicines commonly applied for the cure of it, were too often ignorantly administered, and few fathers, he believed, were good physicians in their own families. "Very true," cried Zachary, "they deal too much in strong repellants." A deep sigh which escaped from Delapoer, not unperceived by the company, reminded them they were touching upon too tender a subject, and at this moment,



moment, to their general joy, Henry entered with a chearful air, announcing the good news of Isabella's amendment; she had waked from sleep so recovered and composed, that he hoped all effects from her fright would now be done away—"Hold, hold," cried Zachary, interrupting him, "young physicians are apt to be too sanguine; old ones proceed with caution: we must not pronounce upon the cure as perfect, because the symptoms intermit."—Sir Roger submitted to this doctrine, and though impatient to see his daughter, suffered Zachary to visit her without him.

Delapoer now saw a fair opportunity of founding the parties present, with regard to his wish of inhabiting the parsonage devolved upon young Sandford; he expressed his intention, with leave of the incumbent, to purchase the furniture and effects of the late Mr. Ratcliffe, reserving an apartment to the use of the said Mr. Sandford, assuring him that whatever he laid out, either in that or any other way upon the premises, should remain to his use and benefit; and as his life would be retired and single for the rest of his days, there would not fail to be house enough for them both, whilst circumstances remained as they

were at present.—“ My motives,” said he, “ for wishing to end my days in this spot of earth which covers all that was dear and valuable to me in life, are known to Sir Roger Manstock, and I believe I may add, that any promises I engage for with Mr. Sandford, will be guaranteed by this young gentleman now sitting beside me, who, by deed of gift, is heir irrevocable of all that I am worth. To the head of my house, who, with the title, inherits every thing that appertains to it, I shall bequeath to the full amount of what I have received, my sword and my honour, both untainted and no worse for the wear. Of my great and early disappointment in life I will not speak, for the author of it is gone to his account, and the object of it, alas! is now no more. One wish remains at my heart, which, if I am indulg’d in, I shall pray for so much life as may suffice for the completion of it; if it is refus’d to me, death cannot come too suddenly. This I will now explain before the present company, hoping they will second my most earnest suit to Sir Roger Manstock; it is, that I may be permitted to raise some monument of affection and respect, to the memory of that beloved person whom we have lately followed

to the grave. I wou'd have it a mausoleum separate and select, and in some degree resembling certain edifices of that description, which I have contemplated with awful veneration in the East. I have mark'd in my walks about this place, a location, as I think, peculiarly apposite; and I have work'd upon a plan, (for architecture has been my favourite study) which I shall be prepar'd to exhibit to Sir Roger Manstock, when I have his permission for so doing. The workmen and materials are within my reach, the superintendance of the work will be my task, the last melancholy gratification that my sorrows will admit of."

A request so new and unexpected coming upon the worthy Baronet in this manner, embarrassed him not a little; he was at no time very quick at a reply, but now was more than ordinarily deliberate in arranging his thoughts. Indeed a suspicion had haunted him ever since his last conversation with Delapoer, that grief and disappointment had in some degree deranged his intellects, and this proposal of the mausoleum very much confirmed him in that notion; he therefore sought rather to evade the suit than to satisfy it, observing to him, that the manners  
of



of the East were different from those of Europe; that in some few instances edifices of the sort he described had been erected in certain parts of England, but with an effect that did not much recommend them to his taste; a monument attached to a church he had no objection to, it had a local solemnity, and was seldom visited by the observer but at religious seasons, whereas a mausoleum built upon unconsecrated ground became, like other ornamental buildings in parks and gardens, a mere spectacle to the curious, and was rarely found to impress the visitor with any portion of that mournful respect, with which the founder of it might be supposed to have been inspired. Besides this, it was to be considered, that Lord Crowbery was still living; and though his insensibility towards the deceased, had been such as to devolve upon her kindred those duties and decent attentions towards her remains which properly belonged to himself, yet this would be an affront that could not fail to provoke his utmost rancour, and expose her memory to the worst insinuations. Upon the whole, he thought it a matter of no small moment, and therefore should not wish to decide upon it hastily. As for Mr. Sandford's parsonage

parsonage house, it was a question entirely for the parties concerned to settle between themselves, he could have no objection to oppose to a tender of so generous a sort.

The project of the mausoleum being thus adjourned, Delapoer retired with Dr. Sandford and his son, to negotiate the treaty for the parsonage, when Sir Roger, finding himself left with Henry, addressed him as follows:—

“ The service you have this day rendered me is of such magnitude, as no return of thanks on my part can sufficiently express, since there is no object in this world so precious to me as the life, which, under Providence, you have been the means of saving. You cannot therefore tax my gratitude above the value which I put upon your merits, and of course I must refer it to your own choice and arbitration, to name that favour within my power to grant, which will make you happy to obtain, if any such there is: consult your wishes, Henry, and let me know what it is I can do to recompence the preserver of my daughter.”

“ The first and greatest favour you can bestow upon me,” replied Henry, “ is the assurance of your pardon for the seeming duplicity

city of my conduct, in keeping secret the affinity I have the honour to bear to you, and the presumptuous love that I have harbour'd in my heart for your adorable daughter. Obedience to the injunctions of a tender parent, compell'd me to silence in the first case, and nature over-rul'd the consciousness of my own unworthiness in the latter; for how cou'd I approach Miss Manstock, and be insensible to her perfections? how cou'd I see her and converse with her without surrendering myself up to love and admiration?"

"If my pardon," said Sir Roger, "be all you have to ask, you wou'd indeed name a very slight return for a very weighty obligation: but let us talk in plainer terms; by pardon, I presume you mean consent and approbation; when you desire me to pardon you for loving my daughter, I suppose I am to understand it as a modest way of asking me to give you my daughter."

Henry blushed and was silent.—"Why, truly," resumed the Baronet, "your diffidence makes a stop without discovering an excuse for it, for whilst you scruple to demand my daughter, you do not hesitate to secure her affections."—"If such is my happy fortune," replied



replied Henry, "the interest I may have with her is all the merit I can claim with you: to her then I refer my cause, in her is all my hope."

Here a message from Isabella to her father called him suddenly away, and cut short a conference that was becoming very critically interesting to our agitated hero.

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### CHAPTER III.

*Love is the grand Specific.*

WHILST Sir Roger Manstock attended the summons of his beloved daughter, Delapoer had brought his business to a conclusion with the Sandfords, and had set out on his return to the parsonage: damped and depressed in spirit by the chilling reception he had met with from Sir Roger, in the matter of his projected mausoleum, he turned in his thoughts every mode his imagination could suggest for combating the objections he had heard, and as appearances towards the noble but unworthy widower, seemed the strongest and best founded  
bars

bars to his proposal, he brought himself, after long debate and meditation, to the romantic resolution of setting out forthwith upon a secret expedition to Crowbery Castle, there to demand an interview with the Viscount, and either by reasoning or other means, if reasoning would not serve, to return with such authority for commencing his operations, as should satisfy the delicacy of Sir Roger Manstock with respect to opposition from that quarter. Thus determined, he put himself in order of march with all possible dispatch, and taking with him a faithful servant in his post-chaise, left a note for Henry, simply informing him that he should be absent for a few days upon particular business, which he would explain to him at his return.

In the mean time Sir Roger visited his lovely daughter, and had the happiness to find her in a state of such convalescence as promised him a speedy and complete recovery. His conversation with her was tender and gratifying in the extreme, for he talked of Henry in terms of the highest approbation, acknowledging his obligations to him with a warmth of gratitude and affection, that encouraged her to throw off all reserve in speaking of her attachment,

tachment. To this, in the same strain of candour, he replied, that he had seen enough to certify the fact, which she confessed to, and therefore any attempt to vary from it would be highly disingenuous. It was natural, he owned, that she should be thus partial to a man so amiable in mind and person, and what must that heart be, he said, which was not sensible of obligations so important as those she owed to Henry? Far be it then from him to oppose her inclinations: with two such melancholy instances freshly impressed upon his mind, he should not risk the fatal consequences of exerting his parental authority to prevent her union with the man of her heart, so long as nothing could be urged to the impeachment of his character. But as time, which was both the friend of prudence and the test of truth, must now of necessity intervene before their connection could take place, he flattered himself, that in decency to the deceased, neither Henry nor herself would take means to shorten it by any abrupt determination: let the season of mourning run out its full date, during which he should impose no illiberal restraint upon either of them, no less confiding in Henry's honour than in her discretion.—

“ My



“My doors,” he added, “will never be shut against the preserver of my Isabella, till I see, what I hope and trust will never occur, sufficient reasons for so harsh a measure.”

To this Isabella made answer, that her recollection did not serve as to all that had passed, but she well remembered, in the midst of her terrors, clinging to the breast of her defender.

“In his arms I fought for safety, and I found it; in that terrible moment, the impression of whose horrors will never be effac’d from my memory, he opposed himself to the raging phrensy of my assailant, and snatcht me from a fate too terrible to think of. Even now my imagination is haunted by visions, which nothing but his presence can dispel; when he is absent darkness falls upon my senses, with his appearance light returns; and shou’d he leave us, I shall never know happiness or health again.”

The agitation which accompanied these words so alarmed her father, that he beseeched her to entertain no such desponding thoughts, but assure herself that Henry would continue where he was till she was in a state to travel, and should attend her even to Manstock House, if she wished it. With these assurances

she seemed pacified, and Sir Roger, willing to prevent any further irritation, took the opportunity of Zachary's coming into the room quietly to slip out of it, and retire in good time. Zachary soon perceived that her spirits had been disturbed, and wished to prescribe something in his own way to allay them, advising her at the same time to solicit sleep, and exclude all company from her chamber.—“Ah! my good Sir,” she cried, “how widely you mistake my case: solitude is my terror; I know not when I shall be able to encounter it; I have a horrid image continually before my eyes, and no one but he, who rescued me from the reality, can fortify me against the shadow. Till I am satisfied that Henry is in the house, and that he will not leave it, I can never rest.” —Zachary assured her that he was in the house, and would have been ere now at the side of her couch if he had not in the most peremptory manner protested against it.—“It is not to be told,” he added, “what difficulty I had to persuade him to stay away from you.” —“I hope then,” she replied, “you will for my sake, as well as your own, never attempt that difficulty any more: why shou'd I resort to art, when nature tenders me a ready cure?”  
What

What I may be brought to in time I know not, but I have not yet lost my senses, and therefore dark rooms and soporific doses do not apply to my case."

Whilst she was yet speaking, the room door was gently opened, and a ray of light from one glimmering taper striking on the person of Henry, presented an object to her sight worth all the recipes on Zachary's file. The Doctor saw the change that instantly took place in the countenance of his patient; joy now illuminated her lovely features, the blood once more glowed in her cheeks, and Zachary exclaimed—"Well, my fair Lady, if such cures can be perform'd without the Doctor's help, 'tis time for me to leave off the profession; I shall begin to think that physic is mere quackery, and a dose of what the heart loves best worth all the compounds in the chymist's shop."—This said, he retired, whilst Henry approached with cautious steps to the lovely convalescent, gently taking her hand, which was held out to him, whilst she said—"Don't be any longer alarm'd about me, I shall soon recover all the unpleasant effects of this day's misadventure, and remember none but such as gratitude to my preserver have implanted in



my heart for ever. Oh! Henry, sure it was my guardian angel brought you to my rescue at that dreadful moment, and endow'd you with nerves to combat a creature, whose phrensy seem'd to furnish him with supernatural strength. How lost beyond redemption I had been but for you! Surely you will not leave me in this dismal place, where I can look on nothing but what revives the scene of my terrors: surely you will return with us to Manstock; it is my father's wish; 'tis my request: what says my Henry?"

To this tender petition Henry replied with equal tenderness, that he was her's, his whole heart was devoted to her, and that he was prepared to obey every wish of her's, though it should impose upon him the severest trial, and, not like the present one, flatter him with a prospect of the highest happiness he could receive, that of being allowed to attend upon her in whose presence only he could be said to live. Whilst he repeated this, he gently pressed her hand, which he still held to his breast, fondly regarding her with a look of softest pity and affection; a sympathetic glow of chaste delight beamed on her blushing face; her eyes witnessed the animating pleasure which these endearments

endearments gave her; and when she saw him watchful of her emotions, and preparing as she thought to withdraw himself through fear of discomposing her tranquillity, she smiled, and said—"I perceive you have been tutor'd by our Doctor; Zachary has persuaded you that you ought not to be here; but he is no physician for the mind; and you, (Oh Henry! why shou'd I blush to own it!) you are the master of those springs which feed my heart with life and health; at your touch they move; in your presence I revive; when you absent yourself, they stop and relapse into despair."

Whilst she was uttering this, Henry was struggling to repress his transports; with difficulty he refrained from throwing himself at her feet; but recollecting in the instant all the danger of her situation, he checked the ardour of his passion, and with as much composure as he could summon on the sudden, reassured her of his inviolable attachment, promising to be ever ready at her call, attentive to all her wishes, and resolute to devote his whole life to her service.—"Only be compos'd," he cried; "let me but see this gentle bosom reassume its peace, and all these tremors vanish, who then will be so blest as I?"—"I perceive,"

she replied, "that you regard me with pity, as a being depriv'd of reason, and one who, according to Zachary's regimen, shou'd be kept in solitude and silence; it may be so, I am sensible I wander in my thoughts beyond the bounds of reason or discretion, for gratitude perhaps betrays me into too much warmth of language, and sensibility in the excess resembles madness; if so, I must submit, and you must treat me as my malady requires; still I will hope that your compassion sometimes will prevail with you to visit me in my affliction, and if you find that by your process my disorder is aggravated, not relieved, perhaps you then will think it time to try what contraries may do, and favour me with more indulgencies."

A deep drawn sigh, accompanied by tears, succeeded to this speech; her head sunk upon her breast, and she seemed surrendering herself up to an agony of grief, when Henry, no longer master of himself, and cut to the heart with her construction of his reserve, cast himself on his knees, and enfolding her in his arms, gave vent to all those fond and ardent protestations, which with difficulty he had hitherto suppressed: the act and the effect, like  
those



those of electricity, were instantaneous; so quick she caught the sympathy of his transports, it seemed as if one soul had animated both, the gloom that hung upon her spirits vanished in a moment, her mind became collected, and joy diffused smiles over her beautiful countenance. Such was the magical transmutation love wrought in the mind and person of our fair heroine! To follow them in their conversation any further is a task we shall not undertake; the language of lovers is apt to be too broken and desultory for regular detail, and their imaginations a little too volatile for sober history; there is also more of action in these scenes than can well be brought into description, and if attempted to be described, are they not open to misconstruction, which might wound the purity so characteristic of those persons, for whose honour we are truly zealous? Let it suffice to say, that though love reigned in both their hearts, honour kept guard over one, and innocence was inherent in the other; respect tempered the passion of Henry, virtue herself might have acknowledged the sensations of Isabella.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Rash Enterprizes are apt to miscarry.*

WHILST Henry and Isabella were thus enjoying the blessings of a virtuous mutual passion, Delapoer, the melancholy martyr of an unfortunate attachment, like a wounded veteran worn out in the service of an ungrateful master, was pursuing his pensive progress towards the habitation of the Viscount. Deep and dreary were his meditations by the way, and not one word escaped him to the humble companion of his journey: his mind continually pondered upon the object of his expedition, and various were the speeches he compounded and decompounded for the event of their meeting. In all these resentment was a prevalent ingredient, and the bitter drug of an inveterate aversion to the worthless possessor of his lost and lamented treasure, tainted every composition he devised. Nature had given him, together with a fair and comely person, a most kind and courteous disposition, but the cruel stings of disappointed love

love had festered in his bosom, whilst his travels and campaigns in an unhealthy climate had hastened on a premature old age, and rendered him feeble and decrepid at a time of life when many others enjoy themselves in full health and vigour of constitution. We have already stated the condition he was found in on board the prize by Henry, and his rescue from that dangerous crisis: grief for the loss of Lady Crowbery had since preyed upon him in such a manner, as not only to reduce his feeble constitution in an alarming degree, but in some measure to impair his mental faculties, of which this chimera of the mausoleum, and the journey he was taking in consequence of it, were no slight symptoms: his thoughts, by dwelling perpetually upon one single object, rendered him strange and insensible to all other matters, and withal so vehement and pertinacious in the pursuit of his favourite meditation, that neither rest, nor food, nor the calls of health, could awaken his attention; and in spite of all the remonstrances of his faithful servant, he pressed forward on his journey, though he was evidently sinking under fatigue, and at the same time exhibited strong symptoms of a fever hastily coming on.



These indications were no longer dubious at the conclusion of his journey, and as his chaise entered the village of Crowbery, the delirium had gained upon him to such a degree, that he was no longer capable of giving orders to the drivers where to go, much less of executing the purposes of his expedition. The reader may recollect a certain public house on the village green, under the sign of the George and Dragon; this being the only house of entertainment in the place, thither the drivers conducted our travellers, and there they stopt. It so chanced that Ezekiel Daw was at this instant perambulating the aforesaid green, enjoying the fresh breeze of the evening, and his customary pipe, when curiosity led him to the alehouse door to enquire who the strangers might be; and probably the idea that his friend Henry would be found in the chaise had a share in that curiosity, for sure enough the thoughts of that good creature were at that very time employed in meditating upon our hero, whose absence his kind heart very seriously regretted.

Delapoer was still in the chaise, and Martin his servant in great distress how to dispose of him, when Ezekiel coming up to the door, discovered

discovered the person of the reputed Mr. Smith, and no sooner heard, and indeed saw, the sad state he was in, than with the compassion natural to him, he claimed acquaintance with the wretched invalid, and immediately directed the drivers to conduct him to the house of Susan May, where he promised him a kind reception, and all possible care and attention proper for his situation. This was gladly accepted by Martin on the part of his master, and executed without delay. Ezekiel strode across the green with such speed, that he was at Susan's door, and had warned her of what was coming, before the carriage got round and drove up to the gate. Benevolence, that glowed in Ezekiel's bosom, was no less warm in those of Susan and her mother; at the call of pity both parties turned out upon the instant, and as the chaise stooped, both with the same hospitable voice welcomed the arrival of their distressed and sickly guest. Whilst the women prepared a bed for him, Martin and Ezekiel lifted him out of the chaise, and with the aid of a proper cordial from the store-closet of Dame May, saved him from a fainting fit.

As soon as they had got him into bed, and

provided all things necessary for his comfort and accommodation, Ezekiel advanced to the bed side, and having felt his pulse with due solemnity and deliberation, drew Martin aside, and in a low voice said—"Of a truth, friend, I discover very ugly tokens of a febrile quality in the pulse of this poor gentleman, to whom I presume you stand in near degree of friendship or affinity, seeing you have exhibited proofs of so much care and solicitude about his person."—Martin replied, that he was the gentleman's servant, but no less attached to him than if he had the honour of being his relation.—"Be it so! be it so!" quoth Ezekiel, "there is honour due unto all men, who fulfil the duties of the station they are in, however humble it may be; and I perceive thou art not one that contenteth himself with eye-service only, as some are too apt to render. Let that pass therefore, and to the point, which being no less important than that of the life or death of a fellow creature, demandeth brevity and quick dispatch. I have myself a smattering in the medical art (I speak humbly as becometh me) having been early train'd to wield the pestle, and compound the drugs of a country practitioner of no mean note;



note ; but I presume not to undertake a case of such danger and difficulty, as I much fear this will be attended with ; at the same time I know not whither to resort for better advice in this pressing emergency, for the *Æsculapius* of our parish is absent at this present, and the substitute, who officiates in his stead, Alexander Kinloch by name, warrants not any great eulogium from me, seeing I cannot witness to the success of his practice in general ; in candour I wou'd say more, if in conscience I was not check'd from uttering an untruth ; had Alexander Kinloch been a cobbler or a butcher, I wou'd perhaps strain a point to recommend a neighbour, but in the skill of the physician depends the safety of the patient, and therefore it is that I speak not in his praise : to be short, he is a very self-conceited shallow fellow, wilful as a mule, and ignorant as an ass, and woe betide the sick that comes under his care ; where he enters, death is at the door !”

“ What then is to become of my poor master,” replied Martin, “ if this is all he is to look to ? Have you no physician within reach ?”—“ We have had Doctors in the neighbourhood,” said Ezekiel, “ but our country

try is so healthful, that it has starv'd them all out: in fact, there is little or no employ for any but bone-fetters and man-midwives. Therefore, if I may advise, we will let nature have her course for this night, which with good nursing, and the attention of these kind women, we may hope will pass well with our patient, and to-morrow we will consult what more may be done for Mr. Smith's relief and accommodation."—"Smith, did you say?" demanded Martin, "my master's name is Delapoer, the Honourable Henry Delapoer, son of the late Lord Pendennis, and brother to the present; a gentleman of noble family and great fortune, acquir'd with high reputation and long services in the East Indies."—"Say you so! say you so!" interposed Ezekiel.—"And be assur'd," added Martin, "he is not a man to let these your kind offices go unrewarded, if he lives to come to a sense of them: my master (Heaven preserve him!) is of a noble spirit, and lets nobody serve him for nothing."—"What tell you me of his spirit," cried the preacher, drawing himself up into the stiffest of all human attitudes; "there be others, who have as much spirit as your master, and who will not allow of any recompence

pence to be made for the common offices of hospitality and humanity, which they have both the mind and the means to deal to those who stand in need of their assistance ; but I excuse these sentiments in you, which, had they been sooner made known to me, I shou'd not have mistaken your condition as I did." — Here Martin finding he had roused the pride of his host, began to make apologies, which he had no sooner done, than the spirit of the good creature was instantly allayed, and with many friendly expressions, and a hearty shake by the hand, he assured him every idea of offence was totally done away ; and as he felt, perhaps, that more resentment had been shewn than the occasion warranted, he set about to qualify appearances, by telling Martin that there was not a man in the kingdom less irritable or captious than himself ; every body that knew him could witness that his patience and forbearance were notorious to a proverb, so long as his motives were rightly understood ; but as to them, he presumed every well-meaning man was naturally and laudably sensitive ; for to do eye-service to God, and take wages of Mammon, was to make a stalking-horse of religion, and, in his opinion, a  
a most



a most heinous and despicable piece of hypocrisy.

Ezekiel Daw had now sufficiently developed his own character for Martin no longer to mistake it, so that having heard this harangue without returning any answer, peace was effectually re-established, and the features of the apostle relaxed from their rigidity. He then proceeded to enquire what friends or relations Mr. Delapoer might have in those parts, whom it might be proper to apprise of his situation, or if none such were at hand, what particular call he might have to the village of Crowbery, which caused him to travel with such speed and perseverance, to the sensible neglect of his health. To this Martin replied, that he concluded it was business of no small importance, which brought his master to that place; but the particular nature of it he was not informed of; however, he understood so much from what had escaped him by the way, as to believe it had reference to the Lord Crowbery in person, with whom his master seemed very eager to have an interview.—  
“ Enough said,” quoth Ezekiel; “ his business lieth with the Lord Viscount at the castle, and his speed betokeneth the momentous nature

ture of that business: I do recognize his person heretofore in these parts, when he pass'd himself upon me under the name of Smith: there is a mystery at the bottom, that I am not curious to pry into: nevertheless, friend, it seemeth right unto me, that the Lord Viscount should be appris'd of his arrival, and also of the malady, with which it hath pleased God to visit him, that so the aforesaid Lord Viscount may aid and assist us in this extremity with his counsel, and thereby lighten our responsibility in case your master shou'd die, which truly I do greatly fear will be the case."

Having so said, and no opposition being made on the part of Martin, Ezekiel stalked away, and with hasty strides bent his course towards the castle.

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## CHAPTER V.

*Bellum, Pax rursus.*

THE party we left at the castle, consisting of Claypole and his niece, with the Lord of the mansion, had passed their time in  
their

their accustomed retirement, and received no addition to their number from the curiosity or civility of their neighbours, for the unsocial qualities of the Viscount were well known to all the gentry round about him, and none of them loved or respected him sufficiently to pay him an uninvited visit. Amongst the various causes in nature, which tend to corroborate or impair an attachment, we are not curious to search for that particular motive which had operated to the evident abatement of his Lordship's passion for Miss Fanny, but so it was, that his ardour had considerably cooled of late, so as to excite some uneasy sensations in the mind of the sagacious uncle, and at certain times emotions of indignation and resentment in the tender bosom even of the lady herself. Perhaps it would have been prudent in this fair creature, whose personal charms were her chief, if not her only, recommendation, to have husbanded that resource with a little more œconomy; but as her uncle had on his part been as prodigal of advice, as she had been of favours, it may be presumed he overacted his part, so as to force her into measures directly contrary to what he recommended. Certain it is, that she did not love  
the



the Lord Crowbery, and therefore we may conclude some passion stood proxy for inclination in her connection with that personage; whatever this was, she followed it as a guide to matrimony, though by so doing she very much dissented from her uncle's policy, who frequently objected to her in the vulgar phrase of the common saying, that she had put the cart before the horse.

It so happened, that whilst Ezekiel was on his way to the castle, meditating as he walked on the address with which he purposed to introduce himself and his business to the noble Viscount, a tête-à-tête between his Lordship and Miss Fanny had taken place, in which some little asperity had mixed with matters of a sweeter quality, that young lady having taken occasion to inquire of his Lordship, what precise time he had fixed for making good his promises, by presenting her with a coronet, hinting in modest terms, that this was reasonably to be looked for before she returned the favour, by presenting him with an heir. Amongst various excuses which the Peer had ready at hand to palliate his delay, the recent death of his lady was insisted on in a manner that provoked Miss Fanny to advance a few truths upon the meanness of hypocrisy; after  
so

so public a breach, she observed, between him and Lady Crowbery, the world could not expect even the semblance of sorrow on his part; that if he had meant to treat her memory with respect, how came it to pass that he failed to shew it to her remains, but consigned them to her uncle for burial? She could not therefore regard his plea of her recent death in any other light than as a palpable pretence to evade an act of honour and justice, which it would be more manly in him to disavow at once, and boldly face the consequences of his breach of faith, than meanly fritter away both her time and patience with apologies and excuses that were as frivolous as they were false. And what was this Lady Crowbery, for whom he held himself thus bound to sacrifice to appearances? Upon what terms did they live? In what temper did they part? Did he stir one foot from his door to accompany her on her way, when she departed from his house a dying woman? Had he any love, or respect, or even pity in his heart towards her, then was the time to shew it; but it was notorious he had not; and it was also as well known who had; it was no secret to her at least, that Henry the adventurer was the object of her fondest affection;

affection ; that he embarked on board Captain Cary's ship for no other purpose but to give her the meeting at Lisbon ; that when that undertaking failed, and illness stopt her short at Falmouth, there he joined her, there he renewed those uninterrupted attentions, which cheered her dying moments, and in his arms she fondly breathed out her last expiring sigh. —“ Damnation ! Madam,” he exclaimed, “ do you think I have no feelings, that you sport with them so unmercifully ? Do you think I have no sense of honour, of revenge ? Can you suppose that villain shall escape my vengeance ? And is this a time to talk of marriage ?” —“ Say, rather,” she replied, “ is this a wife to mourn for ? As for revenging yourself upon her favourite, if that be your serious pursuit, no fear but you will find it ; Henry is not a man to avoid an open enemy ; if your Lordship has the spirit, he will give you the opportunity.” —“ 'Sblood ! Madam, do you doubt my spirit ?” —“ Till I have better proof of your honour, I do doubt your spirit ; but as I am persuaded Henry will soon return to these parts, your Lordship may soon put that matter out of question, though I shou'd rather think your first discussion ought to be with  
your



your Lady's first love, Mr. Delapoer, who I understand to be returned to England, fraught with the treasures of the East, and loud in his invectives against you."

"Against me," cried the Peer, sensibly alarmed: "what has Mr. Delapoer to do with me? Because he thought fit to run away with her before marriage, am I to be call'd to account by him after her death? If I am to fight my way through all her lovers, I had need have more lives than one for the undertaking. By the alacrity you express in numbering up my opponents, I shou'd almost suspect you took pleasure in my danger."—To this she calmly replied, "I only warn you of your danger, my Lord, which is the office of a friend, and trusting to your courage, take an early opportunity of putting you upon your guard. I have a correspondent who has inform'd me of some particulars that perhaps you are unappris'd of; I am told that Mr. Delapoer had a meeting with your Lady at Falmouth, and that he paid the closest and fondest attendance upon her in her last illness; I hear also that he was present at her funeral, and remains inconsolable for her death; I further understand, that he speaks of you with  
less

less respect than any man of spirit will permit his character to be spoken of; in short, my Lord, I shou'd not wonder if a man, whose blood is fir'd with the heats of India, and who avowedly imputes to you the death of the object so dearly lov'd, and so deeply lamented, shall be found capable of any measures, how violent soever, or how rash: nay, truly it wou'd not much surprise me to hear his name announc'd to you this very evening, as my servant tells me there has been a chaise and four post-horses arriv'd in the village not an hour ago, and that the travellers were receiv'd into the house of Susan May, which, in your late friend Blachford's time, wou'd hardly have been open'd to visitors at that hour, and of that description."—Whilst Miss Fanny was thus speaking, the visage of Lord Crowbery became ruefully aghast; he struggled for words, but passion and pride stopt what fear and cowardice would have dictated. At last, after many efforts and much ridiculous gesticulation, he made shift to mutter out a few broken sentences, by which nothing was to be understood, but that he believed she was in a league with these assassins to attempt his life.

With

With a smile of ineffable contempt, she replied, "I am not in any league against your life, for if I am injur'd, I know how to redress myself against the villain who betrays my confidence and violates those promises he has employ'd to seduce my virtue. Let such a faithless wretch tremble at my vengeance; defenceless as I may seem to be, I have a spirit that will not stoop to infamy, and a hand that can execute the merited punishment on the defiler of my virgin honour."

This ranting menace, uttered with all the emphasis of a tragedy-heroine, might have lost its effect at any other time than the present, when his Lordship's nerves were very much deranged from various causes; but now it was heard with terror; and when she rose from her seat with becoming dignity to make her exit, the spiritless and quivering lover earnestly requested her not to leave him in anger, for that he was ready to obey her wishes, and give her every possible proof of his love, honour, and good faith. This atonement made her features soften into kindness, and whilst she tendered him her hand in token of forgiveness, she declared herself ready to stand by him in



all difficulties and dangers, and make common cause against every impertinent that should offer to annoy him.

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## CHAPTER VI.

*An humble Visitor meets a haughty Reception.*

THE terms that fear extorts, cunning commonly finds means to evade. Lord Crowbery had all the disposition in life to extricate himself from his embarrassments with Miss Fanny, and all the regret that heart could feel for having rashly involved himself in them. The peace he had patched up was of course a dubious one, but at the present moment it was convenient.

A servant now entered the room, and reported to his Lord, that Ezekiel Daw was in waiting, and requested to be admitted upon business of importance. It was one of those ill-timed strokes that take a man in the moment of his weakness. My Lord might certainly have refused admission to a poor neighbour of Daw's condition, but Miss Fanny

had instantly given her voice in the affirmative, and for him to revoke it was to subject himself to greater inconveniencies than his confirming it might lead to. It is probable that the idea of Delapoer rushed upon his mind, when he heard the name of Ezekiel Daw; but a thousand other trifling matters might occur to bring that good apostle to his door, who was ever busy in the interests of his poor neighbours, and forward to stand forth as their advocate with the rich and mighty. Having therefore put the previous question of "What does the fellow want with me?" and received for answer from the servant, that Daw would not communicate his business; the cautious Peer directed his message first to Mr. Claypole, desiring the favour of his attendance, and then permitted him to tell Ezekiel that he would see him for a few moments. In consequence of these orders, the Reverend Mr. Claypole and the untitled field-preacher entered the audience-chamber, where sat the lord of the castle and his lady elect, nearly at the same moment.

Ezekiel made his reverence, and was told to deliver himself of his business in as few words as possible. "I doubt not," replied the

the preacher, "that time is precious to your Lordship, who so well knows the uses of it; and I shall therefore intrude no further on your patience, than a brief recital of my motives for soliciting the honour of this audience will of necessity involve. Benevolence, my Lord, as this Reverend Divine can testify, is a virtue which——"—"We do not wish to hear you expatiate upon," said Claypole, interrupting him; "let brevity for once be your virtue, Ezekiel Daw, or patience will not be our's, and you will be dismiss'd without a hearing."—"Reverend Sir," replied Ezekiel, "I will be brief, and not put any virtue of your's to a trial, that might perchance be too hard for it. This is my business—A traveller hath this evening arriv'd in our village, who now sojourneth at the house of Susannah May, of whose coming I held it as my duty to advertise the Lord Viscount Crowbery."—"And what is that to me?" cried the Peer, sensibly alarmed.—"My Lord," replied Daw, "I humbly conceive it is so far forth appertaining to you, forasmuch as the gentleman, whose name is Delapoer, a person as it seemeth of high birth and noble family, incontinently seeketh your Lordship, upon business peradventure



venture of no slight importance, seeing he hath travell'd with unremitting speed, to the great detriment of his health, and at the imminent peril of his life; which, if I have any skill in prognostics, now draweth fast to a conclusion."

At the name of Delapoer my Lord turned pale, and was visibly in great perturbation: the information with which Ezekiel concluded his speech, was of a more welcome sort. Rallying his spirits, he assumed a haughty tone, and demanded of the preacher, if he knew the nature of the business that Delapoer pretended to have with him. To this it was replied, that he knew it not, nor was the poor gentleman himself in a condition to make it known, having arrived in a high state of fever, which had seized his brain, and deprived him of his senses.—“And where are your senses,” said Claypole, who knew enough of Delapoer's story to unravel the whole mystery, “to come on such an errand? What has my Lord Crowsberry to do with Mr. Delapoer and his delirium? Let Kinloch, or Dame May, or any other old woman of the place (yourself for instance) put a blister on his head, or nurse your patient after any other fashion you think fit;

fit; we have neither doctors, surgeons, nor apothecaries in this family: I am astonish'd you have the assurance to intrude yourself upon his Lordship and the company present with such a tale."—"If I am guilty of an indecorum in coming hither," said Ezekiel, "I should expect your Reverence wou'd be the first to find pardon for my error, seeing it can spring from none but Christian motives of benevolence and charity. The stranger, who now languishes on the bed of sickness, might draw comfort from the presence of a noble person, whom he has sought with such avidity; and that noble person (pardon the presumption with which I speak it in his hearing) might seize the joyful opportunity of succouring a fellow creature in the hour of distress."

This said, and no answer given, Ezekiel made his humble obedience and retired. Claypole, who bore him an ancient grudge, did not spare him on the occasion, calling him an officious, canting, methodistical rascal. Miss Fanny, who saw her prediction verified so unexpectedly, kept her eyes upon the Peer, secretly enjoying his confusion, whilst he maintained a fullen silence, persuaded that the

whole had been a plot of her devising, and more than ever determined to escape out of her hands : for this purpose, he soon retired to his library for meditation, where it occurred to him to write to his cousin Captain Crowbery, whose assistance he foresaw would be necessary to him on many accounts, and on whose courage and counsel he could firmly rely. A short letter, requiring his instant presence, being written and dispatched, he found his mind considerably more at ease ; and to cover his designs, carried himself towards Miss Fanny and her uncle with more than ordinary cordiality and good-humour. Claypole, though a cunning man in the general, was so effectually blinded by this finesse, and by the report his niece made of the result of her last altercation with his Lordship, that he considered her as Viscountess elect, and his labours crowned with success. He commended her very highly for her spirit, and observed, that fear operated on her lover's nature as the more powerful passion of the two ; but no matter for that, so long as the object was attained, he would not quarrel with the means. He hoped Delapoer was not absolutely in a dying state, but of that he was determined to satisfy himself very speedily,



speedily, for he regarded him, under the present circumstances, as a very lucky instrument for quickening his Lordship's measures, which he should take the first fair opportunity of promoting, by suggesting a temporary secession from Crowbery, during which the knot might be secretly tied, and not only the appearances of precipitation avoided, but also the interview with Delapoer, that he seemed so much to dread: to these ideas Miss Fanny on her part very cordially assented,

When Ezekiel arrived at Susan May's, he had the satisfaction to hear that Mr. Williams, the surgeon, had surprized them with a visit, and was then in attendance upon the sick person. He had obtained his discharge from his ship, and was now come, upon Zachary's invitation, to give him the meeting upon the spot, and adjust the preliminaries of their treaty for the shop and trade. Nothing could be more critically fortunate for poor Delapoer, than the arrival of this intelligent young man, who had already rendered him such services, and made himself so acceptable to his patient. As for Daw, who esteemed Williams, and despised Kinloch, his joy was excessive; and it was with some difficulty Susan May prevented

him from rushing into the sick man's room to tell him so. In the mean time, a bed was appropriated to Williams in her house, that he might be near at hand and within call at all hours, for he had already pronounced upon the case of his patient as extremely dangerous. His applications however had such effect, that before the night was past, Williams had the satisfaction to see a change of symptoms, that augured favourably, and was recognized by Delapoer, with marks of joyful surprize and satisfaction. The meeting between Williams and Ezekiel was very affectionate, nor did his friend Susan fail to give him a reception perfectly kind and cordial. When he stated to them the object of his coming, they were rejoiced to hear there was so fair a chance of his settling amongst them, to the exclusion of Kinloch; and in truth Williams was deservedly beloved by all that knew him, being a young man of most gentle and engaging manners, in person very agreeable, and of a well-informed understanding, with every thing that could recommend him in the line of his profession: at such times and seasons as his patient did not need his attendance, he gave the whole detail of his adventures by land and

and sea, since he had quitted Crowbery; but in a more particular manner he recited every thing that had passed from the time that Henry had joined the frigate. This was the most interesting part of his story to Ezekiel and Susan, who listened with admiration and delight to the animated picture Williams drew of their heroic friend, and which he coloured to the height, with every warm tint that truth could give, or valour and humanity deserve. Whilst this was in relation, Ezekiel's glowing spirit would break forth into rapture and exultation; ever and anon he would spring from his seat, erect himself into a martial attitude, and thunder forth his applauses, forgetting sometimes his accustomed sobriety of speech, and launching forth into apostrophes of triumph, which, if they did not absolutely amount to a breach of the statute against swearing, were yet but hair-breadth escapes from the penal letter of the law. Susan's fine eyes meanwhile expressed the tenderest sensibility of soul, now dropping tears of sympathy, now glistening bright with transport, emotions that cannot be thought to have escaped the penetrating observation of the narrator.—“ I  
H 5 knew,”



knew," exclaimed Ezekiel, in one of his rhapsodies, "that my boy was brave. It was I, and I alone, who first discover'd the innate integrity of his heart; albeit, he was then oppress'd under a cloud of accusations and appearances of guilt: it was I, and I alone, who stept forth in the defence of innocence, and oppos'd my single voice in arrest of condemnation, against a torrent of overbearing witnesses: this good dame, I confess, took pity on his corporal sufferings, and, like the charitable Samaritan, pour'd oil and wine into his wounds: I do not aver, take notice, that it was identically oil and wine which she administer'd, but it was something as good, and served the purpose she intended by it; the allusion is not less apposite, because it is not literal; Heaven will consider the mind, and not scrutinize the medicine. He was guiltless, and we rescued him; friendless, and we protected him; hungry, and we fed him; had he been in prison, I wou'd have come unto him even there, for my bowels yearned towards him in christian charity and compassion: and now, behold he is brave, he wieldeth the sword against the enemies and blasphemers of his faith;

faith; he fighteth valiantly in the righteous cause of his king, his country, and his God. Who wou'd not do the same? who wou'd not die in such a glorious contest? I wou'd for one.—But out upon it! whither does my passion hurry me? Do I not forget myself? have I not a calling that warneth me from deeds like these? Am I not a preacher of peace?"

Here Ezekiel sunk down in his chair, confounded and abashed, whilst his lips moved and his eyes were turned upwards in secret ejaculation; which Williams observing, kept silence for some few minutes, and then, watching his opportunity, threw in a few consolatory remarks, by way of qualifying his self-reproach, which will be found, by those who think it worth their while to search for them, in the succeeding chapter.

## CHAPTER VII.

*First Love sinks deep into the human Heart.*

“ I AM sorry, friend Daw, that you shou’d seem for a moment to retract the sentiments and expressions which my recital drew from you. What is so natural as to exult in the heroism of a friend ? I protest to you, though my profession has no more to do with the actual operations of the battle than your’s has, yet my heart glows for my countrymen, when I hear them applauded for their valour ; and as to this action which I have been relating to you, though our victory was not great in its consequences to the nation at large, yet none cou’d be more glorious to the brave hearts who obtain’d it ; in which, let me tell you, our gallant young friend distinguish’d himself in a most conspicuous manner. Had you but seen him, as I did, when he brought Tom Weevil to the cockpit to be dress’d, you wou’d have own’d you had beheld the perfect model of a real hero ; such a countenance,” (here he turned to Susan) “ never in my life did

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did I look upon the like; why, 'twas what we may form to our fancies for the picture of Achilles; such fire in his eyes, but then it was temper'd with so much pity and consideration for the wounded object, who had indeed a most desperate cut across the cheek, that he had got in the boarding——."

At these words Susan shrunk back in her chair, and put her hand before her eyes, whilst Dame May eagerly demanded if poor Tom Weevil was killed, to which Williams answered, that it was a mere flesh wound, in no degree dangerous, and which was just sufficient to leave an honourable scar upon his skin: he then, addressing himself to Ezekiel, proceeded to say—"You, Mr. Daw, and the good Dame here present, have some experience of these matters, but you can have little if any conception of the horrid cases we have to deal with during the carnage of an action. Of this, however, we will not speak in the presence of Mrs. Susan, whose tender heart is ill suited to such descriptions: the virtues of Mr. Henry will be a more pleasing subject to her ears, and of these the catalogue would be in a manner inexhaustible." Whilst he proceeded to recount a variety of anecdotes to the credit of  
Henry,

Henry, particularly his humane exertions for Mr. Delapoer, who was found a prisoner on board the enemy's ship, and also his kindnesses to himself in the negotiation with Doctor Cawdle, he read the heart of Susan in her countenance, and perceived, that whilst he was praising Henry, he was recommending himself, for this her eyes declared with a sensibility that could not be mistaken. First impressions are not easily obliterated; Williams's soft heart had felt those impressions early in life for Susan, then in the first bud of beauty: time, that had matured her form, had improved her charms, and though there was something for delicacy to stumble at in the history of her adventures with Blachford, yet there were such mitigating circumstances to set against it, that he began to feel in himself a strong propensity to wave all refinements, and revert with ardour to his first passion. We have already said, that a more alluring person than Susan's was hardly to be met with; we may now add, that a more susceptible heart than Williams's must have been a rare discovery in nature; if therefore he was not easily revolted by small dangers, it was a consequence of his being operated upon by strong attractions. When they

they were boy and girl under the same roof, every minute they could rescue from the duties of their service they devoted to each other; at a playful age their love was merely sport and playfulness; as time advanced, opportunities were more greedily sought, and more ingeniously improved; inexperienced youth is prone to curiosity, and the dalliance of the sexes is sure to be progressive; in the path of pleasure there is no pausing-place, upon which the foot of the novice can rest even for a moment's recollection. So was it with this fond pair; they had no Mentor at hand to break the spell; Jemima was herself no edifying example to Susan; Zachary was no rigid moral master to Williams; prudence was not the reigning virtue in Susan's character; self-denial was not the best attribute that Williams had to boast of: as their meetings became more delicious, so they contrived to make them more secret; still they were subjected to repeated interruptions, and the innocence of Susan was frequently indebted to the petulance of her mistress for its timely rescue: but fortune is not such a friend to virtue, as to work miracles for its sake; and if there is nothing but chance to save a poor damsel from  
a false



a false step, I am afraid there is but little chance of her being saved at all. In a soft and yielding moment, Susan's protecting genius being asleep on his post, and love alert and wakeful, Williams *stole unheeded to her chamber*, and, without the church's sanction, was admitted to all the privileges of a husband.

Furtive enjoyments are seldom less fleeting than they ought to be. Our lovers were soon discovered in their meetings, and the consequence was their instant separation. Williams went to seek his fortune at sea, and Susan staid on shore to bewail his absence: not that he left her like a man, who runs away from the mischief he has committed; on the contrary, he tendered to her every recompence in his power, but nothing cannot be divided, and the proffered indemnification was of course postponed till better days should enable him to invite her to a better situation. During the whole of his peregrinations, no rival ever detached his heart from its first love; he kept in faithful remembrance all his own promises and Susan's favours, anxious to seize the first moment his good fortune might present to him for fulfilling his engagements. Three  
years

years had now passed away whilst he had been beating the round of service, with little other gain than of experience in his profession. He was now at the age of twenty-three, and Susan had scarce completed her nineteenth year, and within that period events had occurred, which stand recorded in this history, that in one sense favoured their union, and in another discouraged it; but the explanation Henry had given him of Blachford's treachery in the case of Susan's seduction, had qualified his repugnance, and converted into pity what would else have been aversion and contempt. In the mean time, her personal attractions were improved by years, and his sensibility not abated by absence; the only struggle he had now to suffer was his dread of being thought a mercenary suitor (for the balance of worldly wealth was strongly on the side of Susan) and his discovery of an impression in Henry's favour, which seemed to him to be paramount to all things else in her remembrance. Of this, however, time and future observation could alone give him the necessary assurance; and in the mean while his attendance upon Mr. Delapoer would in a manner occupy his whole time, and be a sufficient excuse for his delay  
in

in entering into any conversation with her, that might draw him into a premature discussion of what was passing in his thoughts.

Whilst matters hung in this suspense, the Reverend Mr. Claypole, impatient to be informed of Delapoer's real situation, and, if possible, to gain some light into his business, called at Susan May's, and meeting with Williams, was not sorry to hear that his patient was no longer in so desperate a state as was at first apprehended. As to the derangement of his senses, concerning which he was particularly inquisitive, Williams naturally told him that there was no mental debility in Mr. Delapoer, except what was incidental to his fever, and even that was considerably abated. Did he know, Claypole asked, what particular concern he had with the Lord Crowbery, that had brought him in such haste into those parts?—To this Williams replied, properly enough, that it was out of his line to pry into those matters; but candidly confessed, that he could collect enough from the rambling discourse that his patient would at times start into, that there was something on his mind of a very irritative as well as interesting nature; and it was much to be wished that some common



mon friend of the parties could seasonably interpose for the prevention of extremities. Claypole, rightly conceiving this to be pointed at himself, said, that for his own part he had no commission to enter upon the business; and being a perfect stranger to the gentleman above stairs, as well as to the motives of his discontent, he should by no means chuse to thrust himself officiously into an unwelcome office, but wait till he should be called upon, when his best endeavours, as a friend of peace, would not fail to be forthcoming. With this profession he broke up the conference, and returned to the castle.

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

*When Parties understand each other rightly,  
Business advances rapidly.*

IT was in the evening of this day, whilst Ezekiel was engaged with his pipe, and Dame May employed in affairs of the family, that chance threw Williams and his friend Susan

Susan together in a moment, and after a manner so pointedly commodious for a *tête-à-tête*, that they must have been ingenious indeed to have found means of avoiding it, without betraying more disinclination towards each other's company, than either of them in reality possessed. The sick man was asleep; Susan had taken up her work; Williams was seated beside her; the parlour-door was shut, and the hour was sacred from interruption.

Susan kept her eyes upon her work; Williams directed his upon her; both parties were embarrassed, and neither could at once find courage to break silence. A kind of preparatory hum, like the tuning of an instrument, bespoke an effort on the part of Williams, this produced a responsive note in unison from Susan, who at the same time raised her eyes from the object they had been fixed upon, and guided them in that direction, as to clash with his by the way; a soft and almost imperceptible relaxation of the muscles, which none but a lover's sensibility of perception could have construed into a smile, struck courage into his heart, as an invitation to hope, and the words found way:—" 'Tis a long age, in my account of time, since we parted," said Williams.—"And I doubt

I doubt you have suffer'd a great many hardships in that period," replied Susan.—" Many people wou'd have thought them such," he rejoined; " but where the whole soul is engross'd by one over-ruling affliction, lesser evils are scarcely felt."—" That is true, indeed," she replied; " if such was the state of your mind, Mr. Williams, you might well be indifferent to small inconveniencies, when so great a sorrow possess'd you altogether."—" What cou'd be more afflicting," he said, " than the cruel necessity I was under of flying from one I so dearly lov'd? Trust me, my dear Susan, it was a heart-breaking separation, and that nothing but the hopes of establishing myself in some such way of business as might enable me to fulfil those engagements towards you, which I ever held as sacred, cou'd have supported my spirits through such a length of time; and suffer me to assure you, my sweet girl, that my heart has been steady to its first love through all changes and chances; it has been ever your's; and if I hesitate at this moment to convince you of its sincerity, it is because fortune has made your scale so much heavier than mine, that I might perhaps be thought to act from mercenary motives, an imputation



tion which I disdain and disavow from my very soul."

"That is an imputation," said Susan, "I shall never make against you. But alas! those very advantages I have gain'd in point of fortune must be regarded by you, who know my history, as insuperable objections to any views you might otherwise have had. An unmarried mother will never be your object in an honourable light; and neither you nor I have any longer the plea of inexperience'd youth to excuse our frailties, as once we had."—Here she cast down her eyes, and yielded to a suffusion of blushes, that so captivated the enamoured heart of Williams, that by an irresistible impulse he caught her in his arms, and, in a transport of love, smothered her with caresses. A negotiation conducted upon these terms was not likely to be very tedious between parties so tempered as Williams and Susan May.—  
"I protest to truth," he cried, "that the wrongs you have suffered from that villainous seducer only render you more dear to my heart, and more lovely in my eyes, inasmuch as they add pity to affection, and inspire me with the most ardent desire to stand forth as your defender against all the world, who shall dare

dare to breathe a word against your reputation. By my soul, Susan, if I could flatter myself that your heart was untoucht by any other passion, than that which I first planted in it; if I cou'd believe that no happier lover, superior to me in every point, had effac'd the impression I once made on that dear bosom, it is not all the injuries that Blachford, or a hundred such as Blachford, cou'd accumulate upon you wou'd hold me back one moment from your arms. No, no, I have no such principles by nature, nor have I learnt any such amongst my country's brave defenders on the sea, as shou'd induce me to desert the girl that has favour'd me with her confidence, because I found her either plung'd in the extremest poverty, or suffering under undeserv'd disgrace."

One of the kindest glances which Susan's fascinating eyes could bestow, witnessed the effect, which this gallant declaration had upon her heart: it was a signal of something more than hope to her happy lover, and produced no common returns of gratitude from him—but it has been more than once made known to the readers of this history, that we are no dealers in description; to recite what is said, so far, at least, as it refers to the elucidation of

events, is all that we undertake for; it must be left to imagination to fill up the scenes with action and dumb-show. After an interval, in which, though the parties were silent, the business did not sleep, Susan candidly explained to Williams the nature of her attachment to Henry, giving him a brief but fair account how it arose, to what length it reached, and where it stopt; and this account had a farther claim to his entire belief, inasmuch as it perfectly accorded in all points with what our hero himself had told him in their conversation on the subject. It was natural that such a person as Henry's should attract attention; it was impossible that a nature so animated as Susan's should overlook it. But as honour forbade her to accept his hand, when the humility of his fortune might have tempted him to offer it, so the change in his circumstances, and the attachment he had formed, were now become such insuperable bars to hope of any sort, that all danger and delusion were totally at an end: it was clear that nothing had occurred which Susan had cause to regret, and that nothing could occur which Williams had any reason to fear. Doubt and mistrust being thus removed, and a mutual good understand-  
ing



ing established with absolute confidence in each other's honour, Williams renewed his former vows, and Susan scrupled not to confess her former liking: if we had the privilege of the comic poet, who makes marriages a momentary business, we would couple these lovers in those holy bands without loss of time, and the rather because we are not perfectly sure but that they ought to have been married, or acted as if they had been married; but alas! we historians are tied down to forms, and dare not do them violence, though they might not be so scrupulously regarded by those, whom we have at this moment found occasion to bring together on the scene. Let it be remembered, however, in the way of palliation, that there is no moment so dangerous to female discretion, none so favourable to an ardent suitor, as that in which first love is renewed.

O Nature, whom alone it is my destiny to follow, when I attempt to paint the characters of my fellow-creatures, why wilt thou not always lead me through pure and unsoiled paths, in the way that I most wish to go, setting up a mark at every resting place for morality to steer by, and presenting no one object to my view but what throws a lustre on the history of

man, and reflects a bright example to that portion of posterity that shall chance to read it? Why wilt thou compel me to record the frailties of thy fairest works, thou mother of all nations? How often have I combated thy obstinate authority to the length almost of rebellion itself, whilst I have been persuading thee to acknowledge some unfriended outcasts from society as children of thine own! What is it I have not attempted, in my zeal to reconcile thee to the sufferers by prejudice? But thou art capriciously ingenious in devising models for thy academy, which are dashed with blemishes so cunningly interwoven into the very essence of the work, that he who aims to mend a part mars the whole. In copying thy productions, so faithful must be the hand of the imitator, that every blot in the original must be reflected in the transcript.

## CHAPTER IX.

*Some People preach over their Liquor.*

WHILST sleep was refreshing the exhausted faculties of Delapoer, and love in possession of the whole soul of Williams, Ezekiel's pipe was out, and his meditations at an end; the fire he had kept up in both quarters was burnt down to the embers; and as he was coming from the next door, Susan, who kept a good look-out against a surprize, adjusted her apartment, and put herself in proper trim to receive him.

O woman! woman! thou art a curious compound of sincerity and finesse, of candour and cunning; alert in thy resources when discovery threatens, feeble in thy defences when temptation assails thee! Love, thou art a traitor, an incendiary, a thief, on whom the hardest name I could bestow would be a term too gentle for thy unutterable wickedness: all the world knows thee, yet more than half of it trusts thee to their cost: though they call thee a god, it would disgrace the very devil

I 2

himself



himself to claim kindred with thee. There is Susan, for instance, to whose virtues I would else have consecrated the fairest page in this immortal history, would have been a mirror of all human excellence but for thee, thou insinuating imp!

“Heyday!” exclaimed the preacher, looking her in the face as she met him at the parlour door, “what a change is here in thy countenance, daughter of mine! I shou’d guess thou hast some extraordinary good news to tell me by the liveliness of thine eye, and the lustre of thy complexion. Is thy sick guest on the recovery? Hath our friend Williams cheer’d thee with the glad tidings of his convalescence? And truly he also doth appear very sensibly exhilarated. Why this is well, my children; this is as it shou’d be; this is the feast of the soul, which conscience serves up to us when it brings into review the good deeds we have been doing. This is the fruit of love, my girl, of that love I have often recommended to thee, as yielding the most rapturous gratification to the senses; joys, in which thou mayst indulge without stint or remorse: no fear, my good child, that thou shou’dst be satiated with these enjoyments, for they are  
congenial

congenial to thy nature, they flow from thy benevolence, and in sharing them with thy fellow-creatures thou fulfillest the great purpose of thy creation. And thou, friend Williams, art a young man of goodly parts and endowments; thou hast done well in thy vocation, working the good work of love in conjunction with this hospitable damsel, and comforting her kind heart with the timely efforts of thy successful skill and experience in the secret powers and energies of nature, with which gift I do pronounce thee to be in no ordinary degree furnish'd and endow'd; and happy is it not only for the stranger above stairs, but for all our neighbours, that thou art come to reside and practise in these parts. Now then we will sit down and rejoice over the reflection of a well-spent day, whilst the good dame, our willing caterer, shall provide us a temperate refreshment, with a can of that mild wholesome beverage which our own fields afford: I envy not the vineyards of France, Portugal or Spain, I covet not their intoxicating, their adulterated draughts; a tankard of my own native ale, fresh, smiling in my face, and mantling to my lips, whilst both the senses of taste and smell sympathize in the

joint delight, is to me a treat which all the vats of the wine-press cannot compare with. Come, my child, let thy good mother replenish the pitcher, and we will pledge each other to the health of the poor stranger above stairs, and to the many and happy repetitions of this glad some moment."

Thus having predicated, Ezekiel deposited his hat and staff in a corner of the room, whilst Susan glanced a smile at Williams so expressive and wistful so sweet, that the muse of comedy, or thou her second self, inimitable Eliza! might have deigned to acknowledge it; then springing nimbly from her seat, she hastened to obey the social proposal.

Reader, to thy heart I dedicate this humble scene! Let thy fancy fill it up with all those pleasing images that creative genius can supply. Call forth thy benevolence, let every joyous particle that warms thy veins and sets thy heart in motion towards mankind animate the composition, and then thou shalt paint the dame with glowing philanthropy in her countenance, and the foaming goblet in her hand, entering the room, followed by the jocund miller, father of the brave Tom Weevil, and welcomed by all voices with the glorious all-hail



hail of neighbourly love and cordiality: see them assembled round the board, hand clasped by hand, lip succeeding lip in their salutations to the spirit-stirring tankard, whilst the triumphs of old England, and libations to the health of her brave defenders, circulated round the table, and whilst Williams recounted to the exulting father the gallant actions of his boy, not omitting to relate the circumstance of his wound, and the honourable scar he would bring home as a trophy of his victory and fame.

A flood of thanks to Williams poured from the hopper of old Weevil's lips, backed with hearty invitations to the mill, and congratulations upon his settling amongst them, garnished with many oaths and protestations of good will and zeal for his success.—"Sblood! my dear Billy," he vociferated in his loudest key, "I wou'd not only be contented to fall sick to bring you custom, but damn me if I wou'd not even die to do you credit."

"Hold, hold!" cried Ezekiel, interposing, "swear not at all, friend Thomas, neither believe that the death of the patient can bring credit to his doctor. Die, if it be required of thee, for thy country's sake; die for thy religion, for thy faith, for the defence of thy  
I 4 family,

family, but in the mean time live for thyself and thy friends here present, and drink about for good fellowship."

"Aye, by my soul," quoth old Tom, "I shall be glad to stop a bit longer amongst you, for I have a heart for my friends, and thou art a true one, Zekiel, I will say for thee, and so is my dear Billy and the good dame, and my pretty pretty Mrs. Susan; damn it——" ("Hush," cried Ezekiel) "I wou'd fain see the scoundrel that dares wag his tongue to her disparagement in my hearing. Zooks! I wou'd soon clap a stopper upon his clack; and I hope I shall live to see the day very shortly when she shall be married to her deserts: a fair creature, friend Williams, and a dainty one, though I say it to her face, as ever the blessed sun shone light upon; is she not?" Here Williams nodded assent, and shook him by the hand, whilst Susan tittered and looked archly under her eye-lids.—"What!" continued the miller, "she must not live in this lone house, like a mope, when some good fellow may be blest in her arms, and have corn, wine and oil in abundance: why, 'tis against nature, and so the good mother will say, and so says friend Zekiel, for all he looks  
so

so grave upon it. Come, Doctor, I'll give you a text, and you shall give us a preachment upon it. *Increase and multiply.*"

Though levity of conversation seldom passed unproved by Ezekiel, especially when it glanced upon sacred topics, yet it so happened that just then Ezekiel was in no disposition for reproof. The exhilarating tankard had given him a flow of soul, that would not suffer him to chill the gaiety of his companions; yet as far as Weevil's challenge went for a preachment, as he termed it, the good apostle was no flincher, and perhaps never found himself in a much better cue to take up the gauntlet.

Planting himself therefore in his oratorical attitude, with his thumbs tucked into his waistcoat pockets, and his fingers expanded like the claws of a bird, he gave two or three solemn hums to bespeak attention, and began as follows:—"When I revolve in my thoughts the wide-wasting ravages of death, I cannot but regard with gratitude and respect those prolific matrons, by whose labour of love the gaps and chasms in creation are fill'd up and replenish'd, which sword, pestilence, and famine are hourly making. Praise be to



their patriotic endeavours in an honest way, and much are they to be preferr'd to those solitary and sequester'd damsels, who, shutting themselves up in nunneries and convents, keep their natural faculties inert and lifeless, leaving to others of their sex to struggle under heavy burthens, whilst they go free and partake not of the toil. If all women were of their persuasion, the world must wear out like an annuity, and cease with the present generation; for I believe I may boldly assert, that no way has yet been discover'd by the curious in all ages, how such a consequence cou'd be prevented, if the fair sex were one and all to stand out, and no longer lend a helping hand to the work. Again, when I call to recollection, that before a single babe can be produc'd in the world, two rational free agents must be in the same mind to give it life; I am astonish'd there can have been through so many ages such a coincidence of sentiment and good will between the sexes, as to keep the work going; and more praise of course must be due to that party, on whom the weight bears hardest, which, if I rightly guess, is the woman. I speak under correction, my worthy neighbours; for having no positive experience to  
guide

guide me in either case, I will not take upon myself to pronounce from my own knowledge on the point in question. Tell me who can, for I profess it is past my finding out, to what secret cause it is owing that the population of this globe of earth is upheld. How comes it to pass, that there is no drawing back, no renegation in that quarter where the whole pain and peril of the task falls with such partial preponderance? When I reflect on this, I own to you I have sometimes trembled for the fate of posterity, fearing it shou'd be cut off at once, and the world dock'd of it's entail at a stroke: but when I look round me, and perceive how vain these apprehensions are, and that my fair countrywomen, for whom I have such fears, fear nothing for themselves, but carry the world merrily on, (and indeed in many instances with more haste than good speed, as the saying is) I take heart and believe, that as the hand of heaven set it a going, nothing but the same hand will stop it, concluding within myself, that when the commandment was given to increase and multiply, there was something given with it that makes up to those who are at the pains to obey it."

"You need not doubt it," said old Weevil;

and immediately Williams, who pretty well guessed how Susan thought upon the subject, started some other topic and changed the discourse.

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## CHAPTER X.

*Four Parties fairly matched at a round Game of Hypocrisy.*

AT the castle, in the mean time, all parties were busily employed in plots upon each other. The Reverend Mr. Claypole made his best use of the intelligence he had picked up from Williams for alarming the Lord Crowbery, and grounding upon his fears his favourite proposal of a temporary retirement and a speedy marriage. His lordship gave him the hearing with all due courtesy and good breeding, but with no inclination to follow it in any other point but what suited his own purpose; as to quitting Crowbery they were both of a mind, but so far from turning it to Claypole's views of hastening the marriage, his intention was to employ it as the means of  
totally



totally avoiding it. Miss Fanny entertained her fancy in devising projects for post-matrimonial amusements; and in these it may well be doubted if his Lordship's honour and repose were the ruling objects of her meditation. Privileges of rank, extension of authority, and indulgence of propensities, attached to her constitution, had certainly some share of her attention, and had her system taken place, the wrongs her predecessor suffered might have been amply avenged.

Captain Crowbery, whom my Lord had summoned to his assistance, obeyed the call, and, having heard the case, acted as gentlemen in his predicament mostly act, and recommended those very measures which he found his principal predisposed to pursue. It was therefore resolved upon with joint consent, that it would be adviseable for his Lordship to take a tour upon the continent, whilst the Captain kept guard upon the castle, with full powers at discretion to get rid of Miss Fanny and her uncle, upon the best terms he could make; and here let it be remarked for the edification of my female readers, that those very steps, which Miss Fanny took to secure her conquest, were urged against her as the  
first

first and strongest impediments to the completion of it.

This commission, it may well be supposed, was not in all respects the most pleasant to the undertaker of it, but it was attended with no small bribe to his diligence, inasmuch as in the event of his Lordship's death without heirs, the Captain was next in succession to his title and estate, and it was something more than probable, on the supposition of Miss Fanny's marriage taking place, that my Lord would not long be childless. The Captain was a man of spirit and address, not naturally disposed to put his hand to every mean unworthy job, but too good a politician to oppose his cousin's will, and not so much his own enemy as to have an unconquerable repugnance against serving him in a case like the present.

It is not to be expected that his coming at this crisis was the most welcome of all events to the uncle and niece, and it certainly required some management to mask the plot he had concerted against them. To Mr. Claypole he talked freely on the reasons of his invitation, ascribing them to the alarm that Delapoe's arrival had given to his noble cousin, hinting in no very distant terms at his want of spirit,

spirit, and acknowledging in conformity to his ideas, that the best thing his Lordship could do, would be to step aside for a time, and leave the matter, whatever it might be, to be made up in his absence by deputation, which, he observed, was indeed an unpleasant office, though he was ready to undertake it for the good of all parties, and the rescue of his kinsman's reputation.

This passed tolerably well upon Claypole, who knew enough of Lord Crowbery's want of spirit, to think it perfectly natural that he should wish to have the Captain about him, and as this gentleman agreed with his wishes in advising the same measures for a change of place, he saw no immediate danger of his schemes being traversed, and therefore continued to flatter himself that the promised marriage was in a fair train to take place.

Captain Crowbery had a part also to act with Miss Fanny, and upon this he entered with considerable advantages; for besides that her character was too open to be mistaken, and her foibles well known to him, he had the requisites of an agreeable manner, a good person, great powers of flattery, and a facility of assuming any species of disguise that might  
suit



suit his purposes. With her he put on a gay and careless air of a mere soldier of fortune, who considered her as the lady elect of the head of his house, and paid court to her accordingly. This so effectually flattered her vanity, that she seemed never weary of encouraging his humility with the smile of protection, nor was he deficient in humouring her with opportunities for the display of those graces so condescendingly bestowed. He had enough of that faculty of small talk to be sufficiently eloquent upon insignificant topics; he could point a compliment, or envelope a double meaning with all the readiness of a practitioner in that commodious art, and indeed he was not behindhand with any man of modern honour in the true principles of the sect; for he had courage to justify seduction, and gallantry to despise friendship, whenever the charms of a wife, of a daughter, or (which is more than either) of a mistress came in contact with his passions, and with opportunity to profit by: with these accomplishments we need not wonder that he succeeded in his efforts to lull the suspicion of a lady not over incredulous; and had his ambition prompted him to higher objects than a little inglorious  
deceit,

deceit, we may presume he would have been no less fortunate, for Miss Fanny seemed in a very likely train to overlook both his situation and her own.

His Lordship's preparations in the mean time, were put forward with unremitted diligence: as it was necessary for him to provide himself for his tour, and settle his remittances with his banker before he set forward, a journey to town became indispensable, and for this he had only to pretend the customary occasions of consulting his conveyancer upon the marriage settlement, and providing a licence, together with all other necessary appendages to a noble bride. These were pleasant tidings to the parties interested, and his Lordship's preparations were cordially seconded by the reverend uncle of the young Lady, whose interest was so much concerned in quickening his departure, that she seemed to have forgot the obvious compliment of lamenting it. There was a concurrence of circumstances, that made it in a manner unavoidable for his Lordship to invite Mr. Claypole to bear him company on this jaunt; it had its pro and con in point of convenience, but as it was no difficult matter for him to give that reverend gentleman

gentleman the slip in such a town as London, the offer was made of a place in the chaise with all seeming sincerity, and accepted with no other hesitation, but as to the point of decorum towards his niece, who in that case would be left to keep house with Captain Crowbery alone; but as this scruple was with himself singly, and not admitted by my Lord himself, or the Lady elect, who indeed treated all such out-of-date ideas with the contempt they merited, it was withdrawn almost as soon as it was advanced, and the engagement was made.

“ I think,” said my Lord to the Captain on the eve before his departure, “ this business will be better manag’d between you and my Madam in the absence of the parson, than if he was to stay where he is, and make third-fellow in the fray: two to one is odds in argument, and Claypole is a plaguy proser, as I shall find to my cost, but I’ll keep the wheels going till I have him safe in London, and then I’ll soon bequeath him to his meditations: a fellow that has treated his own patron with such ingratitude, deserves no mercy. As to Miss Fanny, I don’t expect you will find much difficulty in qualifying her anger, for as love is



is out of the question, which of all passions is the most turbulent, you will have only to contend with a little dogged disappointment, and when she has spent her fire in abusing me, in which I give you free leave to join her, I predict that you will find her as reasonable and as flexible as you can wish; only let me escape from her talons, and I have little care what becomes of her afterwards."

"That's a happy indifference," cried the Captain, smiling, "and I can only promise you I will do my best to pacify her by every means but marrying her in your stead, which I suspect wou'd not altogether suit her purpose, and mine not at all."

"Ladies of her sort," resumed the Peer, "are not intitled to much delicacy, and in my opinion, merit little pity; so that you have full powers from me to use your own discretion, which, if it deserves the name, will never suffer you to fall into that snare she had spread for me. She has ten thousand charms as a mistress, but not one recommendation as a wife: the devil of a temper, and an unbounded propensity to play the devil with it; for whatever she may say to the contrary, I am in my own mind perfectly persuaded that she  
dealt

dealt a foul blow to your antagonist Henry in the vengeance of her disappointment, and then pretended he had hurt himself with a knife by accident: therefore have a care of your ribs, George, for if you shou'd fall into the same fault as he did, 'tis a chance but you meet the same fate."

" 'Tis not just the death I shou'd chuse," said the Captain, " nor am I the man in the world to stand out like that young Joseph, against ladies who make love with weapons in their hands; I wou'd rather of the two, meet the favour than the punishment."—" Be prepar'd then," replied the Peer, " for if I have any guess, you are not unlikely to encounter the alternative: for my own part, I am clear in conscience, and shall die in the persuasion that I am neither the first, nor shall be the last in her good graces."

Here a gentle tap at the door announced the fair subject of their discourse in person. His Lordship in a moment dressed his face in its best trim, to welcome her with looks of love, and with all due regard to truth, declared that it was of her and her alone they were conversing, and that he flattered himself the tender instructions he had been giving to  
his

his cousin would be punctually observed.—  
“He will tell you, fairest of creatures,” said he, fondly taking her hand in his, “for he knows what place you hold in my affections: it is on your account only I submit to be a stranger to my own home for a time, but they will be heavy hours of absence from my charmer; and Oh! when we meet again——” Here his Lordship thought proper to be much affected, and his voice faltered, whilst the gentle Fanny acted all the ceremonials of a tender blush, which wanted nothing but change of colour to make it real, and artifice was thus repaid with artifice: meanwhile, a wandering glance stole its way by a sideway passage towards the Captain, who with infinite gravity of countenance respectfully liberated her hand, that was then held captive by my Lord’s, murmuring in soft accents whilst he secretly pressed it in his own.—“Come, come, my lovely cousin, you must let me part these hands, so soon to be united for ever: scenes like this will only agonize you both.”



## CHAPTER XI.

*Breakfast Table Talk.*

THE next morning our travellers started with the sun, whilst sleep held the bright eyes of Fanny Claypole in his downy fetters, and spared her the painful task of squeezing out a parting tear. At the hour of breakfast, she issued forth from her chamber, armed for conquest. We have already observed, that this young votary of the graces was in the art of undress eminently successful: on this occasion she had by no means forgot to employ that art in such a stile of studied negligence, as contrived to display her person in its most attractive points, by a seeming carelessness in those articles on which most care was in fact bestowed; and this we take to be the very first excellence, the grand desideratum of the modern toilet.

A pensive look, that had an air of sorrow for the absence of her Lord, was necessarily assumed, and the Captain could do no less than counterfeit a sympathising face of pity  
on

on the meeting : now we have the experience of human nature to inform us, that when an agreeable young gentleman takes upon him to play the comforter to a tempting young woman in affliction, it is so much like making love to her, that he seldom fails to run one office into the other. The observation was not discredited by the case in point, for whilst Miss Fanny acted her part to admiration, the Captain sustained his share in the farce of hypocrisy with no less spirit and address : her sorrow was just enough to find occupation for his attentions, and not so much as to discourage him from persisting in them from a despair of their effects ; in short, she was cheered, and he was flattered by the discovery that his consolation was not lost. In their conversation, which he took care to regulate according to the point he had in view, he did not scruple to glance at the character of his noble relation, in such particulars as might serve to pave the way for his purpose : he stood in admiration at his good fortune, in gaining the affections of a lady so beautiful, so young, and so worthy of a more accomplished lover : he was sorry to confess, but truth could not be disguised, that his cousin did not make the best husband

in the world to his former lady ; in fact, his temper was not so good as he could wish, his heart was narrow, and his disposition unsocial and morose : a soul like her's, he said, wou'd find itself curb'd and confin'd by rules so rigid as he laid down : what were rank and title if they did not bring happiness with them ? and who was there in the kingdom she might not aspire to ? In short, if this was a matter of choice, he begg'd pardon for what he had been saying ; if it was a match of prudence, he wished it might not deceive her expectations in the issue of it.

These insinuations, well timed and artfully introduced, had their desired effect ; they saved Miss Fanny all the pains which hypocrisy would have cost her, inasmuch as they threw Captain Crowbery entirely on her mercy, and put his fate in her hands : had he been guarded in his discourse, she would certainly have been inexcusably imprudent to have trusted him with her real sentiments ; but when he had so far committed himself on the subject, she saw no danger in meeting him with the like candour, and vindicating her taste at the expence of her sincerity, for she was ashamed to be supposed guilty of a real liking for so contemptible



temptible a person as Lord Crowbery. Not discerning what motive he could have for reposing so much confidence in her, but that of good opinion and zeal for her happiness, she felt greatly flattered by the turn of his discourse, and knowing how absolutely dependant he was upon his cousin, and that he had been uttering words, which if repeated against him would never be forgiven, she said in a stile of mock reproof—"What a giddy thoughtless soul you are to talk this language to me, and put it in my power to ruin you with my Lord."

"If ever I deserve to be so punish'd by you," he replied, "I shou'd have no right to complain of being betray'd; but if without my deserving you shou'd think fit to do it, the necessity I shou'd be under of ceasing to esteem you, wou'd be the greatest misfortune I cou'd suffer by the event."

"That is very gallant, on my word; but why do you suppose I am the one woman in the world that can keep a secret; and what do you think you discover in me to trust me with your whole fortune?"

"Shall I answer that question fully and sincerely?"

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"No,"

“No,” she replied, “for that perhaps wou’d not be to answer it favourably; and women, you know, are naturally fond of flattery. Don’t you see what mischief I cou’d make, if I was wickedly inclin’d to it?”

“Whatever your inclinations are,” said the Captain, looking tenderly upon her, “I wou’d have you gratify them, though my insignificant self was made the sacrifice; for after all, what am I but a soldier of fortune, and what is my fortune but the sword by my side? There is my subsistence, and that my Lord cannot take from me, or, if he cou’d, he dare not use it.”

“Fie upon you,” smiling, she replied, “you can’t suppose but he wou’d use his sword in a good cause.”—“He wou’d hardly be persuaded,” rejoined the Captain, “to think any cause was good enough for that, I believe. He will never let it see the light in anger with his good will, else that young Henry wou’d have brought it out of its hiding-place, for he spelt hard to get a sight of it.”

“That’s a brave lad after all,” said Fanny. “I have a right to say so,” quoth the man of war; “and now this Delapoer, this man of mystery, hangs over us like a cloud: what you  
you

you may think of this journey to town, my sweet lady, I won't pretend to say, but for my part I must think, if all his Lordships fears were out of the question, there would not be much left for his love to boast of."—" Oh! you mortifying creature," she exclaim'd, " if I cou'd believe this, he deserves——."—" What!" demanded the Captain interposing, " what does he deserve? Not the handsomest woman in the creation, I will boldly say; not the transport of being wrapt in those arms, which were never meant by nature to embrace a coward."—" Well, well," she rejoined, " perhaps it is not the best use I cou'd put them to."—" What a pity then," he observed, " it shou'd be the only one."—" The only one," she repeated, breaking into a loud laugh, " surely you draw your inferences very nimbly, my good friend, but am I bound to make them good? Do you think that every marriage presupposes liking? Can you find no other motives for a connection between a simple Miss like me, and a titled personage like your cousin, but a preference that wou'd disgrace my judgment, and a passion that has no interest in my heart?"

" None, so heaven help me," cried the



Captain, "in your case I can find no plea for the sacrifice, and I shou'd think myself bound to congratulate you on your escape, if you was never more to see his face."—"Oh! you cruel monster!" she exclaim'd, rallying him, "wou'd you break my heart with the very mention of it? Do you suppose a married lady is without resources? is she therefore lost to all the world, or all the world to her? Are there no happy wives but what are in love with their husbands? Nay, let me put the question closer, are there no wives in love with any but their husbands? Come, come, I'll talk with you no longer."—So saying, she rolled up a pellet of the bread on the breakfast-table, and threw it at him in that pretty playful manner, as we have often seen it done by many a fair hand with exquisite address and good aim.

If a man knows any thing of modern breeding, he knows how to answer all attacks like this: the Captain made too much of it, for he swore it had wounded him to the heart; there was a little too much of knight-errantry in this, and he did better when he drew a rose from his button-hole, and gallantly tossed it into her lap, declaring that no soldier ought to

take a blow without returning it: he had done better still, if he had said nothing, for at best this is but the trick and pantomime of coquetry and wantonness. This is the time when wit is not wanted, and action takes the whole scene upon itself.

Miss Fanny, with the sweetest grace in nature, took the rose and placed it in her bosom, adjusting it with all that pretty difficulty of choice, that rivetted the beholder's eyes upon the charming operation.—“Blest flower,” the Captain cried, “to what a paradise have I promoted thee?”—Then smiting his hands together, sprung from his chair, and turned to the window, as if to divert some emotion too violent for his controul.—“Come,” cried the Lady, rising also from her seat, “we have talk'd nonsense long enough, let us take a grave walk in the garden, and drive nonsense out of our brains.”

Her cloak was in the room, the Captain flew to reach it to her, and in assisting to put it on made so many awkward blunders, and was treated with so many pretty reprimands, that few cloaks perhaps have given room to more raillery, or been less applied to the purposes which cloaks in general are understood to be made for.

To the garden they went, and here we will leave them to ramble amidst shady bowers and love-inspiring grotts, not the most innocent pair that ever took their solitary walk in garden or in grove, yet fairly matched in nature as in art, and fitted for each other. Whither they went, and what they did, we are not careful to recount; for though the justice of the historian should be equal towards all characters he is concerned with, yet he must be allowed to dwell with more delight, and expatiate with greater felicity upon the amiable than upon the unamiable; as far as these prejudices may be deemed excusable, so far I hope I may be indulged in them, and therefore I shall now drop the curtain upon this scene, as I have upon others of the like description, and close the eleventh book of this important history now hastening to its conclusion.

END OF BOOK THE ELEVENTH.

BOOK



## BOOK THE TWELFTH.

## CHAPTER I.

*The Author's last Address to his Readers.*

WE are now drawing nigh to the conclusion of our history, and if my kind reader has found amusement in his task, I shall not regret the toil and labour of mine. Great must be that author's mortification, who miscarries in a trivial undertaking; and certain it is, that small matters should never be attempted without strong presumption of success. Something there must be in every man's view, who commits himself to the press; and as all speculations upon profit are now becoming more and more precarious, there seems little left to animate the adventurer but a disinterested passion for fame: I think it is therefore to the credit of the corps, that we still continue to volunteer it with such spirit, that no abatement is yet discernible either in our numbers.

or exertions. When I search my own heart for the motives that have operated with such activity upon me for resorting to my pen, I find myself impelled by a principle I am not ashamed of, since it has been uniformly that of doing every thing in my power for keeping alive a general spirit of good humour, and endearing man to man, by bringing characters under review, which prejudice has kept at distance from the mass of society; I have never failed to lend my feeble hand to their's, who are benevolently employed in recommending love and harmony to mankind: I love my contemporaries, and detest that language so much in use, which tends to sink the present age on a comparison with ages past; and as I hold this to be an illiberal and ungenerous propensity, I thank God I have reached that time of life when it is chiefly prevalent, and yet perceive myself more than ever abhorrent from the practice of it.

I must now send my hero into the world to shift for himself; I have done what I could for him whilst he was under my care, and have bequeathed him nature for his guide at parting. The trials and temptations I have exposed him to, are such as might befall any person

person in his situation, and not greater than every man of steady principles, without any romantic strain of virtue or courage, may resolutely meet. I have not set his character upon stilts for sentimental enthusiasts to gaze at, but kept him on the plain ground with nature's common stock, studying to endow him with the patient virtues rather than the proud.

To my heroine, I have given as many charms as the reader's imagination shall be disposed to afford her, without being indebted to descriptions, which I reject upon conscience, having so often read them in other novelists with satiety and disgust; and I flatter myself, my Isabella will appear not the less attractive for the very few and slight demands I have made upon her health and constitution, not having been able to discover, amongst all the numerous examples of sickly and tormented heroines, any peculiar delicacy in their diseases, or much amusement in their casualties: in one instance only I have fallen in with the fashion.

I have kept my narrative free from the perplexities of episode and digression, and given the scene to my characters without any intrusion of my own person, which I hold to



be an unpardonable impertinence. Of poetry I have made no use, and of quotation so very sparingly as scarce to be perceptible. The incidents, I trust, are in no case improbable; and as to that combination of circumstances, which appears to criminate my hero in the second book, I have, since the writing of it, been told of a case upon record, which so nearly resembles it as to give my narrative the air of being founded upon fact in that particular, which in reality it was not. In point of style, I flatter myself the critic will not find much to reprehend; but in that and every other particular I am fairly before him; let him strike with justice, and I will not murmur at the stroke.

And now, if this page shall meet the eyes of a certain lady, not less distinguished for her many amiable qualities than for her exalted rank, she will perceive that I have fulfilled her instructions, and composed a novel, to the best of my ability, in the form she recommended and prescribed. Uncertain of its fate, I forbear to make known whose commands I have been honoured with, content if she alone is satisfied with my obedience, and not entirely disappointed with the execution

of a work, which but for her I never should have undertaken.

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CHAPTER II.

*The History goes back to the Hero.*

THE sudden disappearance of Delapoer, and the state of mind in which he had departed, caused great uneasiness to Henry, and damped those joys he would else have reaped in the unrestrained society of his beloved Isabella, to whom every hour of his time was devoted. Her health was now so nearly re-established, that Sir Roger had named a day for his return to Manstock, and that was now so near at hand, that Henry was alarmed lest the time should not allow for his father's coming back, and till that event took place, or some intelligence was obtained, duty fixed him to the spot he was in. He knew too well the resentful feelings of his father, and the strong expressions he had repeatedly thrown out against Lord Crowbery, to be at any loss to find a motive for the suddenness and secrecy of his

K 6                      departure,

departure, and those conjectures were as painful as they were plausible; not that he apprehended any danger to his father's person from a supposed discussion with that unworthy Lord, for he had all possible contempt for his want of spirit; but it was the impropriety of the thing itself, and the unsuitness of the undertaker, which struck him so forcibly, and presented so many unpleasant thoughts upon reflection, that he debated very seriously within himself whether he should not set out upon a venture, in the hopes of overtaking his father, and dissuading him from the interview. The practicability of this, however, was made more than doubtful by the time that had elapsed, before he had intelligence of Mr. Delapoer's departure, so that when he came to confer with Sir Roger upon the idea which had started in his mind, that worthy gentleman had so many good reasons to oppose against it, and his own maturer thoughts, prompted withal by an unseen advocate, suggested so many more, that he resolved upon waiting the issue of his father's promised return; till after some days anxious expectation, a letter from Williams to Zachary, written after Delapoer's arrival at Crowbery, put an end to all suspense



as to the destination of the absentee, but gave at the same time so alarming an account of the illness he had been seized with, that Henry, apprehending him to be in the utmost degree of danger, no longer hesitated what to do.

He had provided himself with two excellent riding horses, and Tom Weevil received orders for making ready without delay. The distance was little more than sixty miles, and it was his purpose, for expedition sake, to ride part of the way, but there still remained the painful task of reconciling Isabella to the necessity of an unexpected parting. This was a distressful moment, for though a heart like her's could not scruple to admit the urgency of the call, yet love and tender apprehension could not be made to accord, without anguish, to the disappointment. Neither was Sir Roger himself a disinterested party in the discussion of this unwelcome business; for when he saw the struggle it occasioned to the fond, yet candid heart of Isabella, he offered to set out the next morning with his whole family, if Henry would bear them company; but as Sir Roger's equipage was in the stile of ancient times, and bore not the least similitude

tude to a mail-coach, a distance of sixty miles was to him a journey of two days, whilst our hero's impatience did not mean to appropriate more than six hours to the road; a compromise was therefore struck upon by Henry, who engaged to come back and give them the meeting at the inn where they rested for the night, unless he found his father's situation such as to prevent it. This was eagerly embraced by Isabella, who, at parting from him with eyes full of tears, and a look of the tenderest affection, said to him, "Go, then, and may success attend you! Remember only you have that in charge, which is infinitely dearer to me than the life you have prefer'd."

His horses were at the door, duty pressed, time was on the wing, he snatched a hasty adieu, and, light as Perseus, or the equestrian son of Leda, sprung into the saddle, and was out of sight in an instant—"He is gone," cried Zachary, who, with Sir Roger and Isabella, had attended him to the door," he is off like a shot; 'tis a rare thing to be young and nimble; but after all, I'm afraid his labour will be lost, and he will come too late, for I augur ill from Williams's account of Mr. Delapoe's

lapoer's case."—"Heaven forbid!" cried Isabella, "that any such unhappiness as you predict shou'd befall him."—"Come, come," said Sir Roger, "we will not anticipate misfortunes."—Then taking Isabella's arm under his, walked forth to give his orders to the servants without doors for the next day's journey.

"I perceive, my dear child," said he as they passed along, "tho' your life has been fav'd by your friend who has just left us, your heart is irrecoverably lost. It behoves us therefore to consider what you have substituted in its place, that so we may compute and strike the balance between profit and loss. If I did not think as highly of Henry's virtues, and predict as favourably of his temper, as an old man like me ought in reason to do of a young one like him, I shou'd contemplate my lovely Isabella's situation with alarm and terror; for tho' I shou'd not despair but my authority might prevent imprudence, I fear it wou'd not serve to extinguish love: it demands therefore all the prepossession that I entertain for Henry's character to bring me to acquiesce, as you may now perceive I do, in your decided attachment to him. I own to you, my Isabella, I once thought no circumstances cou'd have induced  
me



me to favour a connection with him or any person under his predicament; but it seems as if Providence had decreed, that, in spite of all my prejudices, I shou'd be compell'd by the force of facts to be the convert of his virtues, and renounce my opposition to him. How strongly have events conspir'd to mark this out, since fortune first made him known to us by throwing him in the last extremity of distress upon the unexpected protection of a mysterious mother! What an escape had he from the murderous designs of Blachford, and the desperate rage of that infuriated wanton! What perils did he incur in the boarding of the Frenchman! and what but the hand of Heaven itself cou'd so critically conduct him to your rescue in the last awful instant, that stood betwixt you and a disaster too terrible to think upon! How singular was the chance by which I discover'd that posthumous and important writing of Sir Andrew Adamant, address'd to me in his behalf, and which seem'd to have lain conceal'd for the sole purpose of bringing it to light in the happiest moment for his interest and advantage! The very case of that wretched maniac, from whose hands he snatch'd you, had a moral in the history of his madness, that  
applied

applied itself to my conviction: but when to these I add, the very striking circumstances that attended his meeting with his father, and reflect upon his uncommon generosity in the case of Blachford's will, and again in that of Lady Crowbery, how can I say he is not deserving of your affection, or any longer interpose between him and the happiness he seems destin'd to enjoy?"

Here Sir Roger concluded, whilst his attentive hearer still waited in respectful silence; but perceiving after a pause that he now expected her reply, she turned upon him the most lovely countenance in nature, and—  
“ Oh! my dear father,” she said, “ think not that I have been silent because I wanted gratitude for your goodness, but because I feel it to an excess that stifles my expressions. I trust I never cou'd act in opposition to your will; but I wou'd fain not entertain even a wish in contradiction to your judgment: had you therefore interdicted my attachment to Henry, I must, and I wou'd have strove to have torn him from my heart, terrible although the struggle would have been; but when I hear his praises from your lips, and receive your sanction to confirm me in my choice,  
words

words cannot speak the happiness you bestow upon me, and if I did not sooner make reply, it was because I was loth to interrupt you on a subject I cou'd listen to for ever."

In the mean time Henry, thus ever present to the thoughts of his Isabella, proceeded briskly towards the destination where his duty called him. New affections had been stirred within his bosom by the discovery of his parents; but hard fortune, which had already bereft him of a mother, lost as soon as known, and beloved only to be bewailed, seemed now in the cruel disposition to deprive him of his father also. This and his meditations on the dear object he had newly parted from, were his companions by the way, and honest Weevil, who followed him, had full scope to indulge his own imagination without let or hindrance, till our hero, having measured more than half the way, found himself at the inn, where Sir Roger propos'd to take up his rest. Here he left Tom and his horses, and having delivered to the master of the house the necessary instructions for the reception of his guests next day, he took post and proceeded with all possible expedition towards Crowbery.

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The day had closed when Henry arrived at Susan's hospitable door, and was received by Williams with a chearful countenance, that bespoke the happy report he had to make of his patient's amendment. Delapoer had quitted his sick chamber, and was sitting in the parlour; great was his joy at the sight of Henry, clasping him in his arms and blessing his good providence, that he had survived to see him once again: of his obligations to Williams, who had now for the second time rescued him from death, he spoke in the warmest terms, and not less gratefully of honest Ezekiel and the kind women, whose tender care and solitude had contributed to restore him. He confessed the object of his journey had been a sudden resolution of seeking Lord Crowbery, in consequence of the objection started by Sir Roger Manstock, with respect to his projected mausoleum. "And what," added he, "might have been the consequence of our meeting, had it taken place, I will not presume to say; certain it is, that second thoughts and a calmer state of mind, have placed that project in another light from what it first appeared in to me, when under the impression of a recent disappointment: I have now renounced it, and think

think it a lucky circumstance, that the wretch I came in search of is out of my reach, and gone from home to prepare, as it is said, for a second marriage with the niece of Mr. Claypole, now residing at the castle."

"Unfeeling, shameless profligate," exclaimed Henry, with indignation and astonishment; "will he so grossly insult the virtuous memory of his injured wife, as to plot a second marriage before she is scarce cold in her coffin; and with the niece of Claypole wou'd he marry? Is Fanny Claypole of all women breathing to be the Lady Crowbery, that so hastily succeeds to my unhappy mother? be it so! if he is so rank of soul as to set decency at defiance, let him couple with a fury, and may his passion be his plague! I know her well, and if Providence for his sins shall surrender him into her hands, you and I, my good Sir, may let our vengeance sleep; his punishment is provided for, the task is taken out of our hands, and the tyrant over others is his own executioner."

The evening was now in advance, and though Delapoer's spirits were greatly exhilarated by the arrival of his son, yet, in consideration of his strength, the conversation was not protracted beyond the time that Williams thought

thought fit to indulge him with ; and nothing more occurred between them worth recording in this history.

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## CHAPTER III.

*A singular instance of a Journey performed by our Hero and Heroine, without one Casualty by the way.*

AS soon as Delapoer had retired to his chamber, Susan May and her mother presented themselves to Henry, and were met by him with all the warmth of former affection. The good dame as usual was loquacious in her joy, and had many questions and enquiries to be resolved: Susan's sensibility was of a more silent sort, and whilst she greeted him with smiles of gratitude and love, the tear glistened in her eye, and the blush glowed upon her cheek.

Henry saw her emotion, and perfectly understood the cause of it, making a plea therefore of his impatience to see Ezekiel, he cut short the interview, observing, that the evening just served him to snatch a sight of his friend,  
over



over his concluding pipe, before he turned in to his cockloft. He proceeded to the cottage, and opening the door without ceremony, discovered the rural apostle seated in his chair of meditation, with his back towards him, and too deep in thought to be roused by so quiet a visitor. Henry stopt and contemplated him for a few moments, with a placid delight: "Kind soul," he said within himself, "thy thoughts are occupied in benevolence, and thy communications are with Heaven!" Then going up to him, and putting his hands upon his shoulders over the back of his wicker throne, called upon him by name, to wake from thought and welcome a friend. Ezekiel started at the well-known voice, sprung from his chair, and threw himself upon Henry's neck: "Praised be Heaven!" he exclaimed, "praised be Heaven! I am blest above my hopes in embracing thee once more, thou child of my affection." He then took two or three strides across the room, rubbing his hands and crying out; "What wilt eat? what wilt drink? I warrant thou art fasting, fresh from sea."

Henry smiled at Ezekiel's want of recollection, and stopping him as he was posting to the  
the

the store where he kept his provisions, told him that the pleasure of seeing him was all the refreshment he stood in need of for the present. The good man now became a little more collected, but still ran from subject to subject, mistaking many things that he might have recollected, and repeating others Henry was already informed of; such as the death of Jemima Cawdle, the arrival of Williams, the reports about Lord Crowbery, and other anecdotes neither quite new, nor over-interesting in his relation of them; yet our hero had patience for them all, and in the end was repaid for that patience, by hearing that the wretched Jemima had, by Ezekiel's assiduous remonstrances, been brought to a due sense of her condition, and a better train of thoughts in her latter moments: what money she had scraped together, she bequeathed to her husband, and every thing in which Zachary was interested, had been faithfully and discreetly administered by Daw himself, with the assistance of old Tom Weevil the miller.

Ezekiel's spirits were now so thoroughly awake, that Henry would hardly have prevailed with him to think it was time to go to rest, had he not pretended that he stood in  
want

want of it himself. He found his friends at next door expecting his return, and every thing set in order for his comfort and repose, that Susan's hospitable care and attention could provide.

The next morning brought Williams to his bed-side, with the cheering intelligence, that he could now with confidence pronounce his patient to be out of danger. His apprehensions thus allayed, he felt himself at liberty to make good his conditional engagement to Isabella, for which he made the necessary preparations. After devoting the whole forenoon to his father, and declining his generous offers of an immediate establishment, suitable to the heir of an ample fortune, he left him highly satisfied with the errand he was going upon, and much delighted with the happy prospect it seemed to open on his future hopes.

Relieved from his alarms about the friend he left behind him, and impatient to meet the beloved object towards whom his course was now directed, our hero with a joyful heart, whilst the chaise whirled him rapidly along, counted every mile that diminished his distance from Isabella. Sir Roger with  
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the punctuality that governed all his motions, had calculated to a minuteness the time of his arrival at the inn. It was a full hour before this given time, when Henry's well-feed postilions drove their panting horses to the door. His first care was to examine if the house was in a state of preparation for their expected guests; and it was with satisfaction he saw, that all his instructions had been punctually obeyed; when this was done, and the little derangements of his dress repaired, he found himself at leisure to make the proper enquiries after Tom and his cavalry: the brave lad soon appeared upon the summons, and gave a good account of his charge; he also informed his master, that part of Sir Roger's suite were arrived, and that the coach was near at hand with all well within-side of it.

At length the much-wished-for moment arrived, that brought the cavalcade in view, and Henry at the coach-door received a hand in his, whose touch inspired him with delight. All inquiries made and resolved, Isabella now, with Henry seated beside her, all her fond fears dismissed, and greeted with the smile of approbation from her beloved father, felt that transcendent glow of soul, which is the exclusive

clusive property of virtuous love, and Heaven's best gift to the thrice-blessed few that merit it. No traces of her late disorder were any longer to be seen; her animated countenance beamed with such lustrous beauty, health and joy, as made it dazzling to behold. Henry gazed in speechless rapture; Sir Roger himself sat in fixed contemplation, and the very people who attended upon the guests, seemed to make errands into the room, for the purpose of treating themselves with a glimpse of the lovely stranger. Unconscious of her charms, until she saw them in the glass of Henry's face, she no sooner perceived the transport they excited, than she dropped her eyes with modest sensibility, and was covered with blushes.

Enraptured at the sight, Henry could no longer command himself, though in the presence of Sir Roger: "Pardon me," he cried, "thou loveliest of women, for oppressing thee with my admiration; and you my patron and protector, be my advocate so far, as to confess that her beauty is irresistible."—"Why in very truth, Henry," said the Baronet, "if you could look upon that form without rapture, I must think you wou'd not be so worthy as you

you are of an interest in her heart.”—“How generous is that apology!” exclaimed the happy youth; “how flattering to my presumptuous hopes! by Heaven, I wou’d go to death for the father of my Isabella!”—“You have done more than that for me,” replied Sir Roger, “when you preserved my child: she is, under Providence, your gift to me; what can I do less than endow you with that blessing you so gallantly redeemed?”

The gratitude and joy which Henry now felt, were not to be expressed by words; his first impulse was to throw himself at Sir Roger’s feet: a motion on the part of that gentleman, which forbade the attempt, and a certain look, which reminded him of the place he was in, brought him to instant recollection; yet he seized his hand with ardour, and pressed it to his lips: Isabella’s beauteous and blushing countenance in the mean while took a deeper tint; she too like Henry was silent. The good Baronet understood enough of nature to interpret rightly for both parties, and accordingly took an early occasion to relieve their sensations, by starting some topic more apposite to the place they were in; but a more effectual stop was soon put to all conversation



on this subject, by the preparations for supper, and the bustle those manœuvres never fail to produce amongst the waiters of an inn. The joy, however, which our hero now experienced, was too discoverable to be overlooked by her who was the cause of it: how far her own sensations accorded with it, was only to be guessed at by the sagacity of a lover; for modest timidity kept in check all emotions that might lead to observation, and nature only shewed herself in a complacent smile, and now and then a tender glance, that escaped as it were involuntarily and by surprize.

Sir Roger, meanwhile, was in high good-humour with every body and every thing: exercise had given him appetite, and he had a heart to partake of the happiness he had bestowed; he declared his entertainment to be excellent, chatted familiarly with the landlord, praised his house, and promised never to pass it without a call. There is certainly something in an inn, which, by contrast with other scenes, is oftentimes found highly pleasing; it gives an ease and relaxation from those domestic attentions which, though they may not be irksome in general, are sometimes interruptions to occupations more amusing. It may be presumed

presumed Sir Roger felt it at this time, and we agree with him in the following remark— That the man, who cannot find contentment in a decent English inn, is a four unpleasant fellow, and a companion no one would wish to travel with.

Moments, passed thus happily, pass quickly, and our lovers found themselves summoned to their repose, before they were sensible of any wish for it. The next morning they were early stirring, for Sir Roger proposed reaching home by dinner-time, whilst Henry on horseback took a circuit by Crowbery, under promise of coming to Manstock House in the evening, if he found nothing to prevent him on his visit to his father. As far as to the point where his road branched off, he accompanied Sir Roger and his beloved mistress; whose look at parting told him how unwelcome the moment was that carried him out of sight: from this intimation he very naturally inferred, that the interval of absence was not to be lengthened by his voluntary delay; no sooner, therefore, had he uttered the word 'Farewell!' than, giving the reins to his horse, he put him to a pace that made quick dispatch with the solitary remainder of his way.

He was welcomed by Williams on his return, with the same good news, and had the happiness to find his father advancing fast in his recovery. Williams was still sole manager in office, though Zachary was arrived. The good man was certainly not apt to undervalue his own abilities, but in this case he made no attempt to interpose his advice for any change of system, which probably would not have been accepted by Delapoer, from the first authority in England. As for Doctor Zachary Cawdle, Surgeon, Apothecary, and Man-Midwife, though his name and titles still glittered on the sky-blue scroll, that bestrode the posterns of his gate, yet had he now touched the happy period that closed his medical career, and delivered him bodily over to ease, indolence, and the gout for the rest of his days. The annuity devised by Lady Crowbery, and Jemima's bequest, made up a comfortable independency; and it was for the purpose only of introducing his successor into business with a better grace, that he kept his name in the firme; as to all money arrangements for stock in hand, good will, or any other description of particulars, Delapoer himself had so generously stood forward in  
that



that essential part of the negociation, that nothing was left to the chance and uncertainty of any after-reckoning between the contracting parties.

Having thus disposed of our honest Doctor, we shall probably find little other occasion to call upon him, in the further progress of this history, except with our hearty good wishes for health and long life, to enjoy the tranquillity and repose, which his good fortune has provided for him.

As for Sawney Kinloch, he by his own choice seceded from the shop, and beat his retreat to his beloved town of Aberdeen, with a fortune which, reduced into Scotch pounds, made no contemptible display in his own country;—an example, amongst many others, of the very extraordinary things which close and persevering œconomy can effect.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

*When Marriages are making, 'tis a Sign the  
Drama is drawing nigh to it's Catastrophe.*

**WILLIAMS** now found himself in condition to think seriously of matrimony, without the painful sensation of considering

himself as the pensioner of a wife: Susan on her part had all due partiality for him, and there can be little doubt but he was satisfied with the proofs of it; yet the arrival of Henry was an incident of some importance, and the effects of it had been watched by Williams with all that attention, which wary lovers are apt to bestow upon a new-comer, whom they suspect to be in greater favour than themselves. Susan's deportment, however, had been such, that the result of this scrutiny had not been unfavourable to her, or discouraging to her admirer: the same smile was reserved for Williams when they met in private; and if occasionally a cloud was seen to pass over her brow, or a sigh to escape from her bosom, the voice of love soon restored her to peace; he was therefore firmly bent upon rivetting the nuptial chain, yet a previous word or two with Henry, by way of preface to the awful deed, was anxiously sought by him; and as our hero's visits to his father were daily repeated, that opportunity soon offered itself; when the following dialogue took place.

“ I have fully reflected,” said Williams, “ upon our friend Susan's situation in life, and I think I may say truly and without reserve, that

that my feelings are entirely reconciled to put up with the consequences of her involuntary connection with the father of her child. If my mind was not made up upon this point to a perfect acquiescence for all time to come, I wou'd not do her, as well as myself, so base a wrong as to engage with her on any terms; but represented as the transaction has been to me, (and I cannot doubt the truth of it) she appears in heart so innocent, that I confess to you, Sir, I feel no hesitation in resolving to propose to her, and I trust I never shall find cause to blush at the connection."

"There is no ground to suspect you ever will," said Henry: "you was her first love, my friend, and she, I understand, was your's: a thief indeed stole in, and made some pillage of your treasure, but you yourself had first unlocked the chest."

"That's true, that's true," quoth Williams colouring; "I owe the debt of honour, and will pay it: yet give me leave to say, I suspect there will be a sort of blank in her heart for a while to come; but what of that? I must trust to her good sense and my own attentions, to fill it up before long."

"And how can you doubt of either," rejoined.



joined Henry?—"I will not doubt," replied Williams; "nay, I do not doubt, for she has conducted herself hitherto in a manner to my perfect satisfaction, and it wou'd be injustice to suppose she will fail me in future; nevertheless, if I am not asking too great a favour, and intruding on your kindness and condescension further than I ought, I confess it wou'd be a very singular gratification to me, to know the state of her mind in these particulars from your examination and report of it."

To this Henry made answer, that he saw no reason to doubt of Susan's sincerity, neither was he convinced the method he proposed of putting it to the test was altogether advisable.—"Nevertheless," added he, "if you are resolv'd to put the probe in my hand, and insist upon my using it, as it is your profession to understand the application, so it must be your business to stand to the effects of it."—Williams smiled, and replied he would abide by the consequences.

These words were scarce out of his mouth, when Susan entered the room; and Williams, glancing a significant look at Henry, left them together. A leading kind of conversation

was started by Henry on the subject of her little boy under his charge, which he contrived to train towards the point he had in purpose to discuss.—“ I think, Susan,” he said, “ as business will gather upon your hands with the growth of your child, it might not be amiss to look out in good time for some honest and well-tempered man to be your partner in the task.” Susan blushed, but at the same time had a certain arch intelligence in her look, whilst she smiled upon him, that gave him to understand she was aware at whom his introduction pointed.—“ I see you are beforehand with me,” said Henry, “ but if I am touching upon an unwelcome topic, tell me so with sincerity, and I’ll say no more; but if I am still as much in your confidence as I us’d to be, and you are not disinclin’d to open your mind to your friend, why shou’d we not discuss this subject together as naturally as any other? and surely none can be more interesting and important.”

“ Certainly,” replied Susan, “ none can be so interesting to a person in my circumstances, nor have I any friend on earth, to whose opinion I shall attach so much attention and respect as to your’s: yet I know not how, nor

ought I perhaps, if I knew how to describe the sensation it gives me, to find myself address'd by you on this subject. In every matter I can lay my heart before you without scruple or reserve, in this only I feel a backwardness and repugnance, which ought not to be there, nor shall it be, if my utmost efforts can prevent it; therefore I humbly pray you to proceed, and if I misbehave myself by any sudden weakness I am not able to controul, let me rather meet your pity than incur your displeasure or contempt."

"Fear not," replied Henry, "that you can possibly be expos'd to either one or the other, nor suffer yourself to believe I have any motives but those of the purest friendship for pressing this unwelcome explanation upon you. You and I, Susan, have been in certain situations, for which I must remain your everlasting debtor in gratitude, and in the course of which the benevolent warmth and sensibility of your heart have been so far interested in my favour, that I feel myself in such a degree responsible for your happiness and secure establishment in life, as to make it a matter of conscience with me, to see you settled and content, before I can enjoy with perfect peace  
of



of mind the happiness I myself have so flattering a prospect of. You have known my friend Williams longer than I have, and I need not speak to you of his worth; as little need I say that he loves you to the length of marrying you."

Here Susan demanded if Williams had said that voluntarily, and of his own accord, or if Henry had urged him to it, in consequence of any thing that had been talked of in confidence between them. To this Henry replied, "I am free to confess to you, that all I have to tell him he already knows; but as I have had nothing to tell, except what makes for your credit and recommendation, he views your character in its best and fairest light: a soft side perhaps towards the tender passion he may credit you for, but of me he has no right to be jealous, and for himself he has no reason either to glance at what has past, or apprehend for what may be to come. A handsome fellow at all points as he is, can have nothing to fear from an honest hearted girl like you, whose very first lesson of love was of his teaching."—Susan cast her eyes down, and blushed. Henry proceeded, "He is now established in a profession, where his diligence and skill

skill will ensure success: what can you better determine upon than to join your means with his, and fix for life with an amiable and worthy man, who has a heart to love you, an understanding to advise you, and a spirit that will protect and uphold you under all events of life?"

"Thank you for your good counsel," replied Susan, keeping her eyes fixed on the floor; "I have a great opinion of Mr. Williams, but——"; here she paused, "if you are so condescending as to be his advocate in this matter, you will advise him not to talk to me on the subject for some two or three days to come."

"I understand you," said Henry; and rightly judging that a longer pleading would not help his client, hastened out of the room.

## CHAPTER V.

*Some of the principal Characters in this History  
are winding up their Parts.*

WHEN our hero had concluded his conference with Susan, he repaired to his father, and had the satisfaction to hear him say he found himself so well recovered, that he proposed, with Williams's permission, to accept Sir Roger Manstock's kind invitation, and pay him a visit the very next day. If our reader has not heard of this invitation, we have his pardon to solicit, as well as that of the hospitable Baronet, for our neglect to record it. At the bottom of the stairs, as he came down from his father's room, he was met by old Weevil, who came to return thanks for his kindness to his son: Tom was now returned home, to the great joy of his family, who contemplated his scars with triumph, and heard his tale with rapture and delight. His father proposed to him to take on with the trade of the mill, and Sir Roger Manstock had offered to put him into a small farm, but Tom was a  
lad



lad of an enterprising spirit, and in his short cruize had contracted a passion for the sea. The cut in his skull had not cooled the courage at his heart, and a sea-faring life was so decidedly his choice, that Captain Carey, at the suit of our hero, had promised him employment: And as we are now more at leisure to attend to his particular history than we shall probably be when nearer to the conclusion of our general one, we shall take the opportunity of informing our readers by anticipation, that Thomas Weevil, through Carey's interest, obtained the lucrative employ of purser to his frigate; and in the course of a successful warfare, earned enough to provide a comfortable retreat for himself in time of peace.

Henry's conversation with the Miller was now cut short by a more consequential visitor; his late antagonist, Captain Crowbery, was in the parlour, and requested a few words with him in private. He understood Mr. Delapoer had intended his noble relation the honour of a visit, when he was taken suddenly ill; that his Lordship was now from home, and in his absence he wished Mr. Delapoer to be informed, that if the business was such as he could execute, or was thought worthy to be

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be

be entrusted with, he should gladly receive his commands.

Henry made answer, that from what he understood of Mr. Delapoer's mind on the subject, he had no present wish of troubling Lord Crowbery or any of the family upon the business in question; it simply related to a design which he had laid aside: at all events, it did not apply to him, the Captain, and if it should be taken up afresh, he presumed Lord Crowbery would be at home again in a few days. To this the Captain replied, he was sorry to say that was not likely to be the case, as he must confess it was not a very honourable way he had taken of terminating a rash engagement, by running away from it: it could not be denied that Miss Claypole was unfairly treated, for matters had gone great lengths, and now my Lord had taken leave of her in a very abrupt fashion, by going out of England without any warning, either to her or to her uncle, who accompanied him to town upon the pretence of arranging matters for the marriage: that Mr. Claypole was now come back, having had a letter put into his hand after his Lordship's departure, in which he avows his resolution of discharging himself from his engagements

gements upon prudential reasons; and says he has probably taken leave of England for some years to come.—“ I have sought occasion of telling you this,” added he, “ because I would fain stand clear in your opinion as to my part in the transaction, which is simply that of being left here in a most unpleasant predicament; the nearest relation of a man, whose conduct I cannot approve, but whose interests at the same time I must not abandon. My situation will, I trust, apologize for this; and I protest to you, upon my honour, I have not been his Lordship’s adviser in the proceeding. I should have expected that decency alone would have kept him out of an engagement so unseemly and precipitate. Whilst that affair was carrying on, I was banish’d from the castle, to which I am but just recall’d, there to be left in trust of his concerns, with the distressful aggravation of being made witness to a scene, that beggars all description. And now, having trespass’d on your patience with a detail little interesting perhaps to you, I have only to add, that if Mr. Delapoer, as your friend, has any thing to propose within the compass of my power to gratify him in, I shall be happy in the opportunity of shewing my regard to  
you,



you, by the attention I shall pay to his commands."

"Captain Crowbery," said our hero, "I am much beholden to you for the kindness of this offer. The candour with which you mark a conduct, that cannot be justified by any principle of honour, leaves me nothing to add to your comments on that proceeding. I am sorry for the lady; but as I suspect no other passion but ambition has part in the disappointment, I hope she will the sooner forget it. With regard to her uncle, I am afraid it is not in my heart to find much pity for his mortification: in the mean time, Sir, I shall impart to Mr. Delapoer the very handsome manner you have express'd yourself in towards him, and I doubt not but he will be duly sensible of your politeness."

This said, Captain Crowbery took his leave, and in a few minutes after, whilst Henry was sitting alone pondering on these events, to his unspeakable surprize, the door was thrown open, and Fanny Claypole herself, without any previous ceremony, hastily and wildly burst into the room.

"I was resolv'd," she cried, "to see you once more for the last time; and if you have  
and

any pity in your heart for an injur'd woman, you will not refuse to hear me. That monster Crowbery, that murderer of his wife, has assassinated my reputation; but I have found out his hiding-place, and I am setting out this moment in pursuit of him: villain as he is, he shall rue my vengeance. After the most seducing promises, the most sacred vows to marry me, he has fled from his engagements out of England; and before I follow him, persuaded it will never be my fate to see you more, I cannot go in peace till I have declar'd to you my contrition, and implor'd your forgiveness: Oh! Henry, there is one moment of my life I must never cease to think upon without horror! Thank Heaven you surviv'd it! I was mad and desperate to destroy you."

"Say no more of it," replied our hero, "banish it from your memory, as I shall bury it in silence; and be assur'd I cordially forgive you."—"I know," said she, "you are capable of every thing that is great and noble, and I implore of Heaven to reward you in the arms of the best and most beautiful of her sex, your beloved Isabella: I only lov'd you; she loves, approves and deserves you."—"I have heard," resumed he, "how basely you have  
been

been treated; but what else cou'd you expect from such a wretch? So far from allowing you ought to regret his flight as a misfortune, it appears to me you shou'd rejoice in it, as an escape out of the hands of a villain, which, to a lady in your situation, is a most providential rescue."

"Ah! Henry," she replied, "it is my situation that makes him a villain, and the worst of villains; but I repeat to you that I will not be injur'd with impunity; and when you hear of me again, you shall hear I am reveng'd. England I shall never visit more; and now, before we part for ever, if you are sincere in your forgiveness of me, you will hear with favour this my last request. My uncle, poor deluded man, is broken-hearted on his own and my account; he repents from his soul his ingratitude to Sir Roger Manstock, and his enmity to you; he justly despairs of regaining your lost opinions; but as he has no where to resort but to his residence at Manstock, he ardently solicits your good offices to secure him such a reception on his return, as may encourage him to resume his functions with some degree of comfort, and not entirely disgrace him in the eyes of his parishioners.



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parishioners. When I am gone, his situation will be sad indeed; my indiscretion, and his own ambition, have destroy'd his peace; your benevolence may preserve him from absolute despair. Have you the magnanimity to extend it to him, and return good for ill?—I am satisfied you have.”

“ I hope,” replied Henry, “ we both are capable of returning good for ill. No one, who ever tasted that sweet transport, can regret the sacrifice of such a direful passion as revenge. The virtue of forgiveness is in its own nature so lovely, so congenial to man, that if it had not been prescrib'd to us as a duty, we shou'd have practis'd it as an indulgence. When we are instructed to forgive our enemies, knowing them to be such, it is a precept, that does not take away our sense of injuries, it only abridges us of the privilege of revenging them; and you, who swell with rage against the wretch that has betray'd you, who threaten to pursue him with your vengeance, tell me, is it a pleasurable sensation you now nourish in your heart? Would it not be a happy reformation, were it possible, to change the tempest into a calm with the word of power? Religion has that power, mercy  
can



can speak that word; she can breathe peace into your bosom, and purify the heart in which she dwells, till nothing evil can approach it—mercy is that virtue, which offers opportunity to all; for who is there that has not something to forgive, although he may have nothing to bestow? 'Tis general as the sun; no solitude can exclude its emanation. Cast me upon a desert coast, an exile from society, where animated nature does not draw the breath of life, still I can find some object to engage my care; the plant that feebly vegetates for want of soil, the rill that struggles for a clearer channel, will demand my help; and mercy, like heaven's general dew, shall fall upon the naked earth, though not an insect that has life be present to partake of it."

"I must not hear you on this subject," cried the relentless damsel; "my nerves are brac'd to the undertaking; my wrongs will not be reason'd with, my heart pants for revenge; the intercession of an angel cou'd not shake me from my purpose. Farewell for ever!"—With this terrible denunciation, she sprung out of the room, leaving our hero to pursue his fruitless meditations by himself.

## CHAPTER VI.

*When the Judge is in League with the Advocate,  
'tis easy to predict the Issue of the Suit.*

THE scene last recorded made so deep an impression on the sensibility of our Henry, that when he returned to Manstock House in the evening, the effect was so discoverable, that he found it necessary to impart to the enquiring Isabella what had caused it. When he had finished his recital, which, though not coloured to the height, was sufficiently horrible to account for what she had remarked, she produced a letter, that day received from the unhappy object of their conversation, wherein she takes shame to herself for her conduct towards Henry, and paints his character in the highest terms of praise: she speaks of Lord Crowbery as a wretch too base to live, and takes a final leave of Isabella, with the warmest wishes for her happiness; recommending, as her last petition, her repentant uncle to pardon and protection, and entreating her to employ her generous efforts  
for

for mitigating the just resentment of Sir Roger. "There is justice, at least," said Isabella, "in this poor creature's heart, tho' it is the slave of passion and revenge. Alas! I fear she is desperate enough to execute any dreadful act she meditates; but what is to be done with this poor deluded uncle of her's, whom she recommends to our pity? Methinks it wou'd be hard to refuse him that, now he has seen his error, and smarts for it so severely. It cannot be expected my father shou'd ever entertain the same affection for him as before, nor is it, perhaps, to be wish'd he shou'd; but I think I may answer for it that he will never shew him any marks of his resentment. I am told he came early to the vicarage this morning, and no doubt it is a heavy moment with him, whilst he is uncertain what reception he will meet from this family, by whose notice or neglect all the parishioners will govern themselves. Poor man! he wants a comforter: I know the tenderness of your heart, Henry, and I wish you cou'd prevail upon yourself to pay him a charitable visit."—"May all your wishes be as readily anticipated!" replied Henry; "I have done that already."—"Have you?" she exclaimed; "how

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“how like yourself is such benevolence! I cannot tell you, Henry, what delight I take in every thing that does you honour; but what is that but saying every action of your life diffuses pleasure to your friends?”—“That praise is more than I deserve,” said Henry; “for I really sought my own gratification in visiting Mr. Claypole, who is so much an alter’d man, that I got rid of some unpleasant impressions I had receiv’d in his disfavour; and when a man has the good sense to see and candidly to confess his errors, so far from being lessen’d in my opinion, he seems to me a more amiable character than before he had committed them.”—“I dare say I shou’d think as you do,” replied Isabella, “if I did not recollect there is one person in the world who has never taken that method to encrease my good opinion of him.”—“That only proves your partiality is greater than your memory,” rejoined Henry, looking tenderly upon her; “but whilst my whole heart is your’s, and every thought which it conceives is inspir’d by the ambition of approving myself to you, following that impulse, how is it possible I shou’d err?”—“Ah, flatterer!” she replied, “if my approbation is your object, that is  
3 long

long since obtain'd."—In saying this she yielded him her hand, whilst her enraptured lover, pressing it to his lips, dropt on his knee at her feet: "And may I not," he said, "presume, upon that approbation, to solicit the surrender of this lovely hand for life? When will the charming Isabella deign to bless her fond devoted suppliant, whom she has condescended so to praise and honour above all that he can merit? Oh! when will that soft heart, so full of pity, yield to my intercession, and consent to shorten my suspense? How many anxious days have I to number betwixt hope and happiness?"—"Days!" she exclaimed, "what are you thinking of?"—"Of you, the first in all my thoughts, the fairest, loveliest object in creation; of myself next, the wretchedest of beings, if, after a few weeks, I must be doom'd to bear the pangs of separation from all that is dear to me in life."—"And why of separation?" she demanded; "my father, it is true, will be call'd up to town at the meeting of Parliament, but you will be with us, Henry; I am sure my father does not mean to part with you: don't you perceive he is never happy without you?"

"He is very good to me," he replied; "but still I cannot look forward to that time

without alarm. London is my terror: what can I do in it? I have never been in the habits of a London life, nor can I accord to them. Adieu to the soft shades of Manstock, and our delightful walks beneath them! Farewell our peaceful evenings, undisturb'd by noise, uninterrupted by intruders! No more morning rides, amidst flocks and herds and cultivated farms, to visit the improvements of the husbandman and the works of the labourer: no peaceful cottager will be standing at her door to greet my Isabella with a blessing as she passes; no infant children cloath'd by her bounty, no aged objects feeding on her bread; all tranquil pleasures will vanish, and, perhaps, the very senses themselves change with the scene that shifts before them: the eye may lose its purity of speculation, the ear its chaste abhorrence of unmeaning folly or insidious flattery; and the heart, surpriz'd by novelty and sapp'd by dissipation, may in time be perverted from its simplicity; and these venerable towers, the seat of hospitality and peace, when visited again, may present nothing to the imagination but the gloomy haunts of solitude and melancholy."

"Heavens! what a picture," she exclaimed;



ed; "but can these fearful predictions be realiz'd? No, Henry, I have been train'd to domestic habits, and to them I will adhere. My duty leads me to attend upon my father, and to that alone I will devote myself: you shall never have to seek me at public places and assemblies: we will pass our evenings at home, and hold to the old fashions of Manstock House, till it is our happy destiny to return to it again, and then you shall witness if my spirits sink upon the sight of it!"—"Wou'd to Heaven that day was come!" rejoined Henry, with a sigh; "or that my adorable Isabella wou'd be graciously dispos'd to save me from those agonies that parting must inflict."—"Again you talk of parting; where is the necessity for that?"—"Because I am a son," he replied; "and have as yet no nearer, no superior, duty to oppose to nature's call upon me. Can I desert my father in his declining state? His melancholy station, as you know, is fixt, and nothing can allure him from it: how then can I acquit myself to conscience, and be justified to him, unless my lovely advocate will furnish me with a plea to put to silence all opposing claims? Can the most generous of her sex

reflect that she has power to bless me with a word, and will she not pronounce it?"

He accompanied this appeal with a look so touching, and action so tender, that the fond and unopposing Isabella was disarmed and vanquished. The dread of separation on the one hand, and the impulse of all-powerful love on the other, conspired to second and enforce his suit. As she meditated upon a reply, her colour came and went, as alternate emotions succeeded one another: delicacy suggested some repelling thoughts; the recent death of Lady Crowbery opposed a strong impediment to hasty measures; but then she called to mind two months were yet to pass before her father would be called from home, and then the same objections of decorum would not remain in the same force. She perceived that every hour improved her lover's interest with Sir Roger, and in two long months there were many hours to mature that interest, till what was Henry's wish might be her father's also, and then her precipitation would not stand in need of an excuse: in short, these same intervening months were such a resource in her reasonings upon this petition, and love is so ingenious to  
avail

avail himself of every resource against hesitation and delay, that she did not feel herself necessitated to quash his hopes by a peremptory refusal; but, on the contrary, turning her eyes upon him with a smile that would have animated any heart which had not totally forborne to beat, and blushing with a consciousness that she was to speak upon a subject that awakened all her sensibility, she said, she hoped he was more ingenious than sincere in stating an alternative to puzzle her poor wits, and make a choice of difficulties, so artfully devised, that she could only say he had found that one circumstance to alarm her with, more terrible on reflection than all she had to dread by yielding to his importunity.—“Oh, Henry!” added she, her sweet voice trembling and sinking into tones the most tender, “it is plain you know the power you have upon my heart, when you menace me with a separation I have not fortitude to bear, and represent yourself in affliction and distress of mind, which you tell me is in my power to relieve you from with a single word, convinc’d, as you must be, there is no sacrifice I wou’d not make to purchase your release. If in this streight, therefore, you are resolv’d



to hem me in by terrors on both sides, I freely own I have not the heart to make you wretched, and do not want the courage to resort to that alternative, which takes the inquietude from you, and fixes it on me alone."

Henry replied to this with such respectful, but impressive tenderness, and though his heart overflowed with gratitude, he tempered it with such delicacy, that before their interesting conversation was concluded, every objection Isabella's timidity had opposed was removed, and her fond heart became so complete a convert to the rhetoric of love, that when they broke up their conference, it would have been hard to decide, could their secret thoughts have been discovered, which of the two was most impatient for the happy moment that was to unite them for life.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### *Occurrences upon a Visit at Manstock House.*

THE next morning Henry rode over to Crowbery, and found his father preparing himself for his visit to Sir Roger Manstock.

stock. It was a bold experiment, but his heart was so much bent upon the undertaking, that Williams no longer opposed it. At the hour appointed Sir Roger's horses came over, and Delapoer stepped gaily into his chaise, after taking a most grateful leave of the hospitable women and honest Ezekiel, who were assembled on the occasion, and with many kind wishes attended him to the carriage. The day seemed to smile upon his enterprize, and he arrived at the gates of the venerable mansion with strength and spirits recruited by the freshness of the air and the gentle exercise which the vehicle had given him. On the first step before the door the worthy Baronet received his visitor, and welcomed him with that hospitable grace which was peculiarly his own. As he entered the stately hall, through two files of domestics ranged on each side, he was struck with a peculiar delight, in contemplating a scene that so strongly contrasted every thing his eyes had of late been accustomed to, and carried his imagination back through centuries past to the times of feudal state and chivalry. He seemed never weary of praising and admiring every thing he saw, nor was Sir Roger backward in explaining every object of his curiosity; he

knew the owners of each shield and corselet, had the history of their battles by heart, could point out their portraits in the picture-gallery, and elucidate every banner and bearing of the family coat; to all which Delapoer, who was an adept in heraldry, gave a willing and attentive ear.

In the midst of this discourse, when Sir Roger had brought down his narrative so near to modern times as to be just then engaged in relating an anecdote of his great grandmother, very much to the credit of her beauty, Delapoer's attention was drawn off by the entrance of Isabella, in whose person he beheld a living model of such exquisite perfection, that he could not resist whispering to the Baronet, that whatever might have been the charms of the ancestor, he was persuaded they were outdone by those of the descendant. Sir Roger smiled, and probably was not displeased with the apostrophe, though he still seemed unwilling to give up his great grandmother—murmuring, in an under voice, that he could assure him Lady Rachel was a famous woman in her time. Isabella's manners were of that natural and engaging sort, that all the graces which others gain by study, she seemed to possess to a superior degree



gree by the gift of nature: how then could she fail to charm a man of Delapoer's sensibility, who at the same time recognized in her fine person a family likeness of that beloved image which sad remembrance had indelibly impressed upon his mind? His figure, though in decay, had still a grace and high-born elegance about it, which neither lapse of years in a debilitating climate, nor the more fatal inroads of corroding melancholy, could so efface, but that there still remained the venerable ruin of a noble form. His address, though certainly not that of the present æra, was not so stiffened by oriental forms as to be troublesome ceremonious; it had all the gallantry and good-breeding of the old court, with some slight tints, perhaps, of its pedantry and precision: this, in Sir Roger's eye, was the very model of a fine gentleman, and no instruments in unison ever harmonized more perfectly than the good host and his guest.

Sir Roger's stile, as we before observed, was, in point of open hospitality, that of the feudal ages, and his return to Manstock brought a great resort of the neighbouring gentry to his house, where the board might literally be said to groan with plenty; but the most inte-

resting spectacle to Delapoer was that of the domestics at their dinner, ranged at three distinct tables, according to their gradations and degrees. "This is true magnificence," he cried; "this is a princely manner of administering a great estate." Some venerable personages at the head of the garrison particularly struck him; when a grey-headed senior, who presided at the upper table, giving a signal for silence, rose from his seat, and lifting a can to his lips, proclaimed aloud, "*Prosperity to the house of Manstock!*" which was repeated by all with the like action, and in the like posture; whereupon, the libation being finished, the whole company broke up, and dispersed to their several occupations and employs.

In the great parlour, where Sir Roger entertained his guests, Delapoer was much amused by the series of family portraits, exhibiting curious specimens of characters and dresses in the several fashions of their times; whilst the Gothic windows of painted glass reflected variegated gleams of the prismatic colours, which played upon the faces of the company with a singular and whimsical effect: Zachary Cawdle in particular, who was one at the table, fate directly in the stream of so broad a glare of crimson light,

light, that he exhibited a most ferocious and resplendent mask of foil, that would not have discredited the hue of Bacchus himself in the gayest of his frolics.

When the ladies had retired, after dinner, something was said of Lord Crowbery by a gentleman who sat next to Henry. He might have known it was a topic not very acceptable or polite at Sir Roger's table ; and as he seemed going into an account of his attachment to Miss Claypole, Henry, in a whisper, reminded him that there were some present who would be thankful to him if he would change the subject he was upon. The young man was proud, ill-mannered, and irritable ; he took Henry's hint as an affront, and turning to him with an indignant look, said, in a tone that marked his purpose to be heard by every body round him, " I don't know how I have deserv'd your reprimand, Sir, nor by what right I am stopt in my speech, when I was neither addressing it to you, nor about to speak disrespectfully of Lord Crowbery, to whom I have the honour of being related, and for whom I entertain a very high regard and esteem."

All eyes were instantly upon the angry gentleman ; Sir Roger was preparing to interpose,



pose, and Delapoer had drawn himself up into a martial attitude, when our hero with the most perfect composure, not elevating his voice, nor retorting the acrimonious tone in which he had been addressed, replied, that he was not aware of his connection with Lord Crowbery, but since that was the case, he would compromise the matter without any further interruption to the company—"For, if you, Sir," added he, "will be pleas'd to say nothing more as to your opinion of his Lordship, I will be perfectly silent as to mine."—"You will do well, Sir," replied Mr. Hardham (for that was the name of the speaker) "to be silent in this and every other company, where that noble Lord is nam'd."—Then rising from his seat, he said—"With your leave, Sir Roger, we will adjourn to the ladies."—"Hold, Sir," cried Henry, "we are both at issue before this good company, and if either of us has receiv'd an insult, let him that gave it deliver an apology: if there is here one gentleman, that pronounces me in fault, I am instantly prepar'd to make atonement on the spot."—"No, no, no!" was echoed by every voice; and one gentleman added, that he dare say Mr. Hardham would

would apologize.—“ If that is your opinion,” he replied, “ you will be pleas’d to tell me, in the first place, for what I am to apologize, and next to whom, for to this moment I never heard what name the gentleman chuses to be address’d by.”—“ By mine,” replied Delapoer, “ by a name which he inherits as my son, and by which he is intitled to exact satisfaction from any gentleman that has the hardiness to insult him.”

These words were calmly, though pointedly delivered ; Mr. Hardham paused for a few moments, then addressing himself to Mr. Delapoer, said—“ I am answer’d ; and from what I felt as a relation of Lord Crowbery, can allow for what you must feel as so much nearer allied to this gentleman ; to you therefore, as his father, I refer myself implicitly, and whatever you in your candour think proper to dictate, that I will repeat.”—“ Then, Sir,” replied Delapoer, “ I can be at no loss to pronounce ; you have already said enough, and all I have further to wish for my son is, that he may have the honour and happiness of being better known to you.”

Thus, by the timely application of a few patient words, an altercation was put a stop to,

to, which threatened fatal consequences, for Mr. Hardham was a young man of a very forward spirit, and had more than once been engaged in what are called affairs of honour; he had withal a full sense of his own consequence, being a man of great property in the county, son of the lately deceased member, and the very person whom his party meant to have set up as candidate, had not Sir Roger met the wishes of the coalition, and prevented a contest. His petulance nobody wondered at, for that was habitual to him; how he came to be so right-headed in getting out of the quarrel, was matter of welcome surprize to every body; but there was a latent motive, which operated upon him for curbing his temper in the presence of Sir Roger; and it was not so much the firm words of Delapoer, as the fair eyes of Isabella, that were the peace-makers on this occasion: he had watched her during the entertainment; her manners charmed him, her beauty enchanted him; but there was something in her looks at times, that directed his suspicion towards the person of our hero; and this, together with a report, that had reached his ears, of an attachment in that quarter, threw a spark of jealousy upon the combustibles



combustibles of his frame, which accounts for the explosion that so suddenly took place: the event, however, shews that this quarrelsome gentleman, like others of the like quality, had temper at command, when it suited him to make use of it.

Few things could have given greater pain to the hospitable heart of Sir Roger Manstock, than to have had the peace and good order of society disturbed beneath the sacred protection of his roof: the harmony that now succeeded, was of course grateful to him above all, and he spared no pains to convince Mr. Hardham of this by repeated marks of the most pointed attention. After a few chearful and conciliatory glasses, it was again proposed to adjourn to the drawing-room: here the pacified gentleman had a fair opportunity of renewing his attentions to the lovely Isabella, without any interruption from Henry, now closeted with his friend Williams, who had galloped over from Crowbery, to impart the glad tidings of his approaching nuptials with his fair betrothed, who had consented to yield (what alone she had withheld) her hand in marriage on the day but one next ensuing. Henry was truly rejoiced at the news, but put  
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as much gravity into his features as the felicity of the occasion would admit of; all which Williams, who read his thoughts, understood without a comment. Mr. Delapoer was likewise called into conference, not only for the purpose of congratulation, but to undergo certain medical interrogatories, that Williams had to put to him; all which were discussed to the mutual satisfaction of both parties, for nothing was now wanting but gentle exercise and cautious regimen on the patient's part to confirm his recovery, and thereby establish the professional fame of the bridegroom elect.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

*A certain Gentleman repeats his Visit.*

WHEN Henry returned to the drawing-room, he found nobody there but the father and daughter; the company were all gone, and Mr. Hardham the last. His attention to Isabella had been so marked, that when,  
upon

upon taking leave of Sir Roger, he begged permission to wait on him the next morning, upon an affair of consequence, there was little doubt to be made but that it had respect to Isabella. This was conveyed to Sir Roger in a whisper, as he passed through the hall to his carriage; and the Baronet had now been imparting it to his daughter, with his comments upon it to the above effect: her own observations also coincided with the same idea, and the point was not long in debate what should be the nature of the answer to the proposal, if it came; for, independant of all prior engagements, Mr. Hardham had not the happy faculty of recommending himself to the good graces of either party: Sir Roger, indeed, acknowledged that his pretensions were unexceptionable in point of fortune and family, but he thought him of a proud imperious nature; and when he came to reflect upon his behaviour at table towards Henry, he thought he could discover other motives for his acquiescence than what resulted from pure candour and conviction. Isabella said, she had never found herself so embarrassed by the attentions of any man in her life, his whole address seemed artificially put on to cover a character  
and



and temper very different from what he assumed; but of all the persecutions she ever suffered, by being looked out of countenance, none was to be compared with what his eyes had the faculty of inflicting, when she found them for ever fixt upon her; in short, throwing all comparisons out of the question, Mr. Hardham was positively, in her opinion, the most unpleasant man she had ever met with.

In this period of their discourse Henry entered the room; and related what had passed between him and Williams. A new subject was now started, and of a pleasanter nature: Henry spoke in the highest terms of Williams, and as his father was now retired to his chamber for the night, he gave an account of all he had done for Williams, and how he had adjusted matters with Zachary on his behalf, by which he had set him out clear in the world, with a fair prospect of success in his profession, and of a happy connection with the girl of his heart, now comfortably established. Isabella asked if he was fully apprised of Susan's history. Henry assured her, he was acquainted with every particular of it, and had little difficulty in reconciling himself to circumstances, more imputable to ill-treatment than

than misconduct.—“ And was Susan very readily consenting to the match? had she no scruples to overcome? was she wholly and solely attach’d to Williams?”—Henry smiled, and turning to Sir Roger said, that he appealed to the court if these were questions he was bound to answer.—“ I can understand,” replied the worthy magistrate, “ that they are questions you wish to evade; however, as Susan was her own mistress, and under no controul, we must suppose she had good reasons for the choice she has made; and I think Isabella herself will allow that is a fair conclusion.”

Mr. Hardham was mentioned, and Henry, in a kind of whisper, asked Sir Roger if he did not think it wou’d be right for him to pay that gentleman the compliment of a visit the next morning. Sir Roger answered that he should have thought so, but that Mr. Hardham had signified his intention of coming over to Manstock; and if he conjectured rightly of his business, the ceremony of a visit might very well be dispensed with. Henry took the hint, cast a tender look upon Isabella’s blushing countenance, and immediately gave a turn to the conversation, by speaking of Mr. Claypole: he had been with him that morning,

ing, and found him in great affliction, on account of a letter he had received from his niece, by which it appeared she had taken the desperate resolution, of pursuing her base deceiver out of England, and was then on the point of embarking in a packet for that purpose. "Is the girl mad," said Sir Roger, "to run after a rascal that any other woman would think herself happy to be rid of? what can she propose to gain by such a crazy expedition?"—"Revenge," cried Henry, "if I am to believe her own professions; and if I may judge from the frantic menaces she vented against him, when she surpriz'd me with a visit at Susan May's, I would not ensure his Lordship's ribs from a stiletto, if once he falls within her reach."—"A wretched catastrophe truly," cried Sir Roger, "that would be, but a striking moral for tyrants: Mr. Hardham will then have to mourn the loss of his respected friend and relation, and this misguided this unhappy man, poor Claypole, will bring his politics to a miserable end; 'tis ever thus with over-cunning men."—"But he has thoroughly repented of his ingratitude," said Isabella, "and is now a real object for your pity and forgiveness."—"He is welcome to them



them both," rejoined Sir Roger, "and to every thing that I can subscribe to his consolation and relief; but what I cannot command, my affection and esteem, them I have not in my power to bestow; when once ingratitude has chill'd the heart that glow'd with friendship, who can kindle it afresh? I speak strongly and explicitly to you, my dear children, upon this subject, because I know that both Henry upon this occasion, and you, Isabella, upon others as well as this, have purposely introduc'd it with a kind design of reinstating Claypole in my good opinion, by setting forth his sufferings and contrition: the attempt does honour to your hearts; 'tis amiable in the extreme, and I rejoice that you are capable of being advocates for one, that was no advocate for you, but artfully abus'd my confidence, and turn'd what interest he had in me (and that I own was not a little) insidiously against you both. Baffled in this project, and disappointed of his malice, he betook himself to a wretch, whose very name is poison to my ears, and there began an infamous cabal, which having ended in miscarriage and disgrace, he now repents of; but remember, children, it is repentance after punishment,

nishment, and therefore, when I say that I forgive him, I have said enough;—I have nothing more to do with Mr. Claypole.”

To this no answer was attempted, and probably from this time till certain circumstances, hereafter recorded, came to light, neither Henry nor Isabella felt in themselves any disposition to revive the subject. Claypole in the mean time kept himself retired from all society, except when Henry occasionally paid him a charitable visit, or Sir Roger cheered him with a civil word, which every Sunday he took care to address to him after divine service, in the sight of the congregation.

The next morning came, and Sir Roger was observed to be more than ordinarily thoughtful during breakfast: his mind was occupied with the expectation of his unwelcome visitor. When he reflected upon what had fallen from him at table, where he was interrupted by Henry, he called to mind so many unpleasant marks of a purposed affront, so much arrogance in his manner, and such indications of a suppressed resentment, even in the very act of atoning for his insult, that he was not without suspicion that the flame of his temper would find some other vent, if  
upon

upon the presumption of his proposing for Miss Manstock, he was to meet him with an instant and abrupt refusal. On this account he was not a little perplexed how to deport himself in the conference, so as neither to irritate him against Henry as a rival, nor encourage him to consider Isabella as a lady he was warranted to pursue with his addresses; and the whole result of Sir Roger's meditations amounted only to this, that he had a clearer sight of his difficulty than of the way to lead him out of it. It was therefore not a little to be regretted, that before he had gained any distinct perception of the line he was to follow, Mr. Hardham was announced, and of course immediately admitted to a private conference.

Mr. Hardham prefaced his more material business, by apologizing for words that had escaped from him yesterday, in the heat of conversation, which, as far as they alluded to Lord Crowbery, he feared might have conveyed an impression in his disfavour, as seeming to imply that he approved of his Lordship's conduct in general, when in fact he only alluded to that part of his character, which was uppermost in his thoughts, the steady sup-



port which he had always given to the county interests of his family: that he was not then apprised of the just reasons Sir Roger had to resent his treatment of an amiable lady, unfortunately lost to the world; neither was he informed of the late disgraceful step he had taken, of flying from engagements, which though rashly made could not be honourably abandoned;—these circumstances, he confessed, had been candidly explained to him that very morning by Captain Crowbery; and it was but fair to say, that upon that statement he felt himself obliged to give up his noble relation as indefensible on both accounts; and this he hoped would suffice to set him straight in Sir Roger's good opinion, if he had unfortunately endangered it from any thing he had inadvertently been led to say the day before.—Here he came to a stop, and seemed to expect some answer from Sir Roger.

Sir Roger replied, that it was a point with him to enter into no discussion of Lord Crowbery's conduct, especially with Lord Crowbery's relations: his niece was dead, and whatever were her sufferings in this life, they were now at an end: as to Miss Claypole's case, he had nothing to do with it; it was a story he  
did

did not wish to lend his ear to; in like manner he begged leave to say, that with respect to any opinions Mr. Hardham might adopt, in favour or disfavour of the Lord in question, he hoped he understood himself too well to interfere in any shape with them, much less was he disposed to revive the mention of a trifling altercation, which was so completely done away to the honour of both parties, and for that reason should be buried in perpetual oblivion.

“Then if I may indulge the hope,” he rejoined, “that my condescension in accommodating myself to the gentleman’s vivacity was acceptable to Sir Roger Manstock, let me presume to draw one obvious conclusion from it, and take for granted that he understood the sacrifice to have been, what it truly was, a mark of my respect to him, and an ambition so to recommend myself to his opinion, as to ground some title to his favour and protection in a suit which I have now to make, and on the issue of which the happiness of my whole life depends.”

Mr. Hardham paused for a reply, but none being made, he proceeded to explain:—“I flatter myself I need not dwell upon particu-

lars so much within your knowledge, as my family or fortune; they are such, I trust, as will entitle me to credit, when I assert that neither interest nor ambition have any share in the sincere and pure attachment which I profess to have for your most amiable daughter: no, Sir, it is by the heart alone I am attracted to Miss Manstock; and as I hope my character may boldly face the light, and never need the veil of mystery, I hold it fair and honourable to apprise you of my wishes, and request your sanction to the tender of my most humble addresses to your lovely daughter."

Sir Roger paused a while; and then with much gravity, and in a deliberate tone, said, "Your pretensions, Mr. Hardham, in point of fortune and family, are, as you say, too well known to stand in need of any explanation; they are such as qualify you to propose for any lady in this kingdom; and certainly, Sir, in the attachment you profess for my daughter I have every reason to believe you guided by no other motives than those of free choice, and disinterested inclination. When, therefore, you appeal to me, that I wou'd sanction the tender of your addresses to Miss Manstock, (I believe I use your own expression) I can have  
but



but one answer to make, so long as your reference is confined to but one point, and that simply to demand a passport to my daughter: no father, I believe, whatever may be his views for his child, will refuse that to Mr. Hardham."

To this he replied, "If I have explain'd no further to you on this interesting subject, Sir, I hope you will consider it as a very natural wish on my part to owe my success, if I am so blest as to obtain it, wholly and solely to my own interest in the lady's good opinion, who is to constitute my happiness; and as I cannot doubt but Miss Manstock is incapable of condescending to bestow her regards on any man of dubious character, or just emerg'd from meanness and obscurity, I trust, if I am permitted to approach her, I shall at least not have to combat with a heart pre-occupied by any rival, or, if by any, not by one that will disgrace her preference, and make me feel myself degraded by the competition."

"As you put no question to me in the matter," replied the Baronet briefly and coldly, "I am not put to any answer.—You have free access to Miss Manstock."

This brought the proud suitor to a pause: he perceived he had gone too far, and carried his language too high; and he saw himself in the necessity of qualifying what he had said with an apology, or throwing up the negotiation at once: "I am afraid," said he, "that I have express'd myself too warmly and unwarily; but I entreat Sir Roger Manstock will be assur'd, that I entertain a most profound respect for his person and character, and if I spar'd to solicit his good favour and protection to my suit, it was solely dictated by an ambition, which I hope will be thought both natural and commendable."

Here he turned his eyes upon Sir Roger; — a silent bow was all the answer he obtained.

"I perceive," added he, "I am unfortunate in my manner, and deficient perhaps in something, which in the character of a petitioner I ought to carry about with me; but I am new in the predicament, and having failed to conciliate the father's favour, I will not chuse so unlucky a moment for requesting an audience of the daughter. I am not quite prepar'd to receive two rebuffs in the same breath." — With these words he quitted his seat, and Sir Roger rising at the same moment,

ment, they took a silent leave, and Mr. Hardham mounted his curricie in waiting, highly out of humour with his reception, his proud heart swelling with vexation to find his self-importance humbled; and prepared to vent his spite upon two unoffending horses, whose tender skins soon smarted under the ceaseless lash of their unfeeling tyrant.

Oh! what a wretch is man, when pride and self-importance seize upon his heart! the scorn of every noble mind, the pest of all society, a monster amongst men! Begone from me, thou self-swollen blockhead, who art at once too foolish for my resentment, and too mischievous for my pity. In some bye turn and crossing of my walk in life when I chance upon thee, (for nothing else but chance can throw me in thy way) no sooner do I recognize thy staring owl-eyed visage, than I post down a promise in my tablets, to sketch thy gloomy portrait from the life, and hang thee up to public mockery as satire's lawful prize. But when I stretch the canvas, and begin to daub it with thy ugliness, I soon perceive thou dost not own a single feature, that can furnish any thing but loathing and disgust; too dull to help my fancy to a jest, too despicable to



inspire it with a serious thought, and too hardened to be mended by correction—I cast thee from my thoughts, discovering thee to be no more a *caput mortuum*, that no chemistry can extract so much virtue out of thee, as would even serve to give physic to a dog.

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## CHAPTER IX.

*Why is Earth and Ashes proud?*

MR. Hardham, instead of returning to his own house, drove to Crowbery Castle, to make report to his friend the Captain, and consult him upon the posture of affairs at Manstock. The advice he got here was on the whole very prudent, but he was not just then in the best temper to receive it. Captain Crowbery, as we have before observed, entertained a very high opinion of Henry, and ever since his rencontre with him had taken all occasions of doing justice to his behaviour, not only in that affair, but in every other that had come to his knowledge, particularly as to the share he had in Carey's action with the frigate. When Hardham therefore spoke  
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contemptuously of him as a rival, and seemed to reproach himself for having stooped to any apology, Crowbery plainly told him that he could by no means be a party in any steps for grafting a serious quarrel on a silly altercation, that had been once fairly dismissed: for his own part, he had been already flagrantly in the wrong towards Henry, and had turned out with him in consequence of it; it must then be a very strong case indeed that would call him out again, either as principal or second.—

“And was it not a strong case,” Hardham demanded, “when the character of Lord Crowbery was glanc’d at in such pointed terms, and in a public company, by a fellow who had no right to use his name, in any place or on any occasion, but with deference and respect?”

“I thought,” replied Crowbery, “that I had open’d enough to you in our morning’s conversation on this subject to justify the words that Henry us’d, had they been even stronger than you state them. I can now truly say, that if you and I, as relations of that unhappy man, have any ground left us to stand upon in his defence, we owe it to the candour of the very person you complain of. The melancholy news I receiv’d this day, led me to turn some

papers over, which, at Blachford's death, were honourably deliver'd up by Henry, that in some hands wou'd have been arms no mortal cou'd have parried. If he open'd them, we are at the mercy of his honour for keeping them secret; if he return'd them unexamin'd, we are indebted to his delicacy for our possession of them. You may believe me, Mr. Hardham, that those papers, which I have now destroy'd, wou'd have brought to light very dark dealings, and made the title, that has now by a most dreadful accident devolv'd on me, a title of disgrace and shame."

Hardham eagerly demanded what accident he alluded to?—"The death of Lord Crowbery," he replied. His Lordship had landed at Ostend, and, from the position of the armies, had been stopt there for some days; in the mean time, a villain found means to assassinate him in the streets, as he was coming home late at night to his hotel: he was taken up by the patrole, mortally stabbed, and incapable of giving any account of what had passed. Every means had been taken by the commandant for discovering the murderer, but hitherto without success; he had strong suspicions in his mind, which pointed to a certain person, who had  
closely



closely followed him out of England, but these he would not make public, being determined to set out the next morning, and pursue his enquiries on the spot.—“ I am shock’d,” replied Hardham, “ at the account; and whilst I congratulate your Lordship on your accession to the title of your family, I must deplore the catastrophe, that has devolv’d it upon you under circumstances of so melancholy a cast. If I can be of any service to you here in your absence, or even by accompanying you in your journey, I am at your command.”—“ Your offer,” said the new Lord Crowbery, “ is most kind and friendly, and in part I will accept it, as you may be of most essential use and service to me here, if you will consent to put my mind at peace with respect to a family, for whom I entertain the highest reverence and esteem; I mean the house of Manstock. There is nothing lies so heavy on my heart as the treatment they have met with from the unfortunate deceas’d; I am the last man living that shou’d speak too harshly of Lord Crowbery, my benefactor, but I have been made a painful witness to such things, as make me shudder to reflect upon. I hold it therefore my first duty to make all the atonement in my power

to that much-injur'd family ; and in doing this I think I shall approve myself a real friend to the memory of the deceas'd. And now, my dear Sir, suffer me to appeal to you, and put it to your heart, if in honour you have any just cause of animosity against that excellent young man, who, if I'm well inform'd, is firmly engaged to the lady you propos'd for. Is he in the fault of that, or are you warranted to affront and decry him because he is approv'd of by Miss Manstock, whom you hardly knew by sight, and never thought of before yesterday?" —“ I don't know from authority that he is engag'd to Miss Manstock: Sir Roger did not tell me that.” —“ You did not ask him, I believe,” replied Lord Crowbery; “ but the fact is easily ascertain'd, if you chuse to take the direct course of applying either to Sir Roger or to the lady herself.” —“ I confess to you,” said Hardham, “ it wou'd not be very pleasing to me to be so inform'd by either of them, tho' I shou'd not be sorry to come at the truth by any other channel. I am not ambitious to be mark'd as a rejected suitor to any lady, who prefers Mr. Henry Delapoer.”

Here a servant came in, and announced the gentleman last mentioned—“ Shew him into

the saloon," said my Lord, "and say I will wait upon him immediately. You have now an opportunity," said he, applying himself to Mr. Hardham, "of granting me the favour I have requested, if you will condescend to remain here a few minutes, whilst I step out to him, and will allow me to bring him when I return, to take you by the hand, which I persuade myself he'll gladly do: you are both men of honour, and only need to be known to each other to be the best of friends."—"I know you to be such," replied Hardham, "therefore do by me as you think right, and I will wait your pleasure." Lord Crowbery hastened to his visitor—"Am I before-hand with my information," said Henry, "or is it known to you that I am now to address you as Lord Crowbery?" He was informed of the event.—"I shou'd have to apologize for this visit," resumed our hero, "if it was not purely on a case of conscience; but I cannot keep a circumstance conceal'd, that may in any way affect the investigation of a crime so horrible as murder."—Here he recited the conversation of Fanny Claypole, when she forc'd herself upon him; and concluded with expressing his regret that he had suffered such menaces  
to



to pass without taking instant measures for preventing their effect—"If you have any thing to regret on that account," said my Lord, "how much more cause have I to reproach myself, who was so immediately in the way of her fury, and a witness to the whole torrent of it! but I considered it as the impotent raving of a disappointed woman, and let it pass."—He then explained the measures he intended to pursue, for tracing it, if possible, to a discovery, by resorting to the spot—"But before I depart from this place," added he, "upon that mournful business, there is a matter of a most pressing nature on my mind, which I earnestly request you will so far take charge of as to pledge me to Sir Roger Manstock in the most respectful terms, for every satisfaction in my power to make, not only with regard to the liquidation of the funeral expences by him defrayed, but also of my entire acquiescence in the will of the Lady Crowbery, which I suspect there was a meditation of contesting, and at the same time I shall give orders that every article personally appertaining to that lady in this house, which I am sorry to say were permitted to be put out of their places, shall be brought together and collected for his  
revision

revision and Miss Manstock's, whom I shall request to make choice of any such things which they may put a value upon, as remembrancers of one so worthily lamented and beloved; and this I desire you will tell them I tender as the only atonement in my power to make, on the part of an unhappy man, who, if life had been spar'd to him, wou'd, I flatter myself, have seen his error, and done what I now do in his name, and in honour to his memory."

"My Lord," cried Henry, rising from his chair, and taking his hand, "I thank you; you have justified the high opinion I conceiv'd of you, and have greatly honour'd me by this commission."—Here he stopt, for his voice faltered; and glancing his eyes upon a picture of his mother, over the chimney, which gave a striking character of her in youth and beauty, nature forced her way, and putting his handkerchief to his eyes, he yielded to the irresistible emotion, and said no more.

"We will adjourn to the library," said Lord Crowbery; "where a friend of mine is waiting, who wishes to pay his compliments to you. Suffer me only to ask you, before you go, if you think that picture will be an acceptable

ceptable present to Miss Manstock ; and I name her in preference, because I consider it in effect the same as giving it to you. I persuade myself," added he, "I am not premature in supposing her interests and yours are one and the same."—To this Henry made a modest and grateful reply, neither affirming nor denying the assumption above stated ; but said he would report to Miss Manstock his most obliging offer. Lord Crowbery then informed him who the person was that expected him in the library ; and, after a few words introductory to their meeting, took him by the hand, and ushered him to Mr. Hardham, addressing himself to each in turn with many civil speeches and professions of esteem, hoping it might be his good fortune, as common friend to both, to bring forward such an explanation as might have no grounds for future misunderstanding on the part of either. Mr. Hardham said, he trusted the gentleman could not doubt his readiness to do away affronts, whether justly or unjustly taken up ; and he presumed it was no small proof of his continuing in the same disposition, that he had waited his leisure for the sole purpose of paying him his compliments in Lord Crowbery's presence. Henry,  
on



on his part, assured him, that he had devoted that morning to the honour of paying him a visit at his own house, but had been told he would be from home. He hoped Mr. Hardham had carried with him no impressions from their last meeting that made a second explanation necessary, respecting any thing which had there occurred; if it was so, he was perfectly ready on his part to renew the assurances he had then given him of his entire acquiescence in the manner he had taken for terminating that trivial dispute.

Here the Lord Crowbery interposed; he hoped there was no intention on either side of looking back to what was past, but, on the contrary, by looking forward, to prevent occasion of disputes in future: "And this," he added, "may be easily effected where two men of honour meet, mutually dispos'd to deal candidly with each other, shou'd they find themselves competitors in the same pursuit."—"I do not quite pledge myself to that," said Mr. Hardham; "as I wou'd not choose to engage in any pursuit where I did not see myself either fairly pitted against any that might oppose me, or well assured of surmounting competition. Much as I respect Miss Manslock, I have no  
ambition

ambition to be pointed at as her discarded suitor; and great as my opinion may be of Mr. Delapoer's extraordinary merits, I must own I do not covet the honour of being known as his rival in a struggle for that lady's favour, if he has already secur'd her affections, and been approv'd of by Sir Roger as his son-in-law."

"And does Mr. Hardham expect," said Henry, "that I shou'd account to him for my proceedings, having no desire to make enquiries into his? Wou'd it become me to speak out of Sir Roger Manstock's family of what I know or believe to be passing in it? That I will never do; these lips shall never presumptuously profane the name of Miss Manstock, nor will I suffer any others so to do in my hearing with impunity."

"Then I must take the liberty to tell you—" said Hardham; and was proceeding, when Lord Crowbery, putting his hand upon his breast, said, "Stop, I conjure you, Sir, if it be only for my sake, and let us argue calmly, or dismiss the subject. I was the promoter of this interview, and am pledg'd for the issue of it. Cou'd I have suppos'd that you, my friend and relation, wou'd have express'd yourself in  
a stile

a stile so lofty and so irritating, I wou'd as soon have burnt this house over my head as suffer'd it to have been made a scene of quarrel and contention. What Mr. Delapoer has said is not one word too much for the occasion that gave rise to it. How else cou'd you expect a man of honour to reply to such a speech, in which you seem'd to make your own self-consequence your whole concern? Methinks, of all men living, Mr. Hardham, you shou'd keep a guard upon yourself, and, being so quick to feel in your own person, shou'd be cautious how you wound the feelings of others. I speak plainly, Sir, but I have the rights of hospitality to protect; and if you are offended with me for it, I must meet the consequences."

All this while Hardham sat with a contemptuous smile upon his countenance, affecting to receive every reproach as a compliment, bowing with an air of counterfeited respect; when perceiving that Lord Crowbery had concluded, he replied, "I am infinitely oblig'd to you, my Lord, for your extraordinary politeness, and shall endeavour to convince you that I have not lost one word of your edifying lecture, by the early opportunity I shall take of requesting you to hear the comments



ments I have made upon it.”—Lord Crowbery with quickness replied, “Use your own pleasure, Sir; I shall be at home for the day: when you are ready with your comments, I shall expect you; and for security’s sake you may bring a prompter with you.”

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## CHAPTER X.

*Pride meets its Punishment, and Love its Reward.*

“LET him go,” said Lord Crowbery, as Hardham bounced out of the room; “he has the pride of Lucifer.”—Henry expressed great uneasiness at what had passed, and strongly contended that the affair was his own. This Lord Crowbery would not admit, nor did he look to be farther troubled with his angry cousin; he had had many such sparrings with him, which had passed off as he supposed this would, for he never spared him when he was in that vaunting stile; however, if he should chance to be just then in one of his fighting fits (for his courage came by

by starts, though his petulance was constitutional) it would not, he owned, be amiss to be ready for him.

Henry hoped he would have no farther trouble with him, felt great responsibility for the consequences, and would hold himself at his call, either in his Lordship's house or at Williams the surgeon's, so long as there was any chance of his services being wanted. — "I will intrude upon you no longer than for two hours of your time," he replied; "within which, if our angry gentleman does not make his appearance, I shall think no more of him; if in that interval you can amuse yourself in this library, or prefer going to Mr. Williams, I will overhawl my artillery in the interim, and put my hand to a few papers not quite so convenient to be left at the issue of chance and accident."

This said, they parted, Henry taking his course to his friend Susan's, where he found Williams and his betrothed, this being the eve of their wedding-day: here he took the first opportunity of telling Williams, in a whisper, the probability there was of an affair taking place, where his attendance would be most acceptable, which he readily engaged for; he then, with as much gaiety as he could assume, made

made his congratulations to Susan; and whilst this discourse was going on, as he stood by the window, Sir Roger Manstock's chaise was discovered coming across the green, and making directly for the house. It was quickly at the door, when he heard himself joyfully greeted by his beloved Isabella, who was seated at the side of her father. They quitted the carriage, and after a most respectful welcome on the part of Susan, Williams having modestly retired, they were at their own request left in private with our hero.

Sir Roger opened the business, by informing him of Mr. Hardham's proposal, and the anxiety thereby occasioned not only to Isabella, but himself, from the known impetuosity of that haughty suitor's temper, and the dread he had of consequences thence resulting: he would not disguise from Henry that his sudden disappearance that morning, so quickly following Hardham's unsuccessful visit, had so alarmed his daughter, that at her desire he had come over thither with her, in hopes of finding him, as fortunately they had done.—“I let you into this secret,” said he, smiling, “though Isabella is here present, and hears herself betrayed by me, because, to say the truth,



truth, there is now an end to all reserve between us, and my only wish is to put a final stop to all solicitations, by joining your hands without delay, and rendering my soul's darling into your entire protection: and I pray God to bless you, my dear children, in each other, and me in both!"

Henry, who was seated between them, took the hand of each, and pressed it to his heart in speechless ecstasy. Isabella, suffused with blushes of the deepest dye, and not venturing to raise her modest eyes, which sensibility had filled with tears, kept still silence, which was not interrupted till Sir Roger, resuming his discourse, and addressing himself to Henry, said, "Now if you are question'd by that haughty interloper, tell him you have my authority to say that Isabella Manstock is—(what shall I bid you say?) tell him at once, and stop his importunity—she is your wife.—Now ask her if I've said a syllable too much."

The reference was obeyed upon the instant;—the enraptured lover was at the feet of his mistress, the unopposing mistress was enfolded in the arms of her lover.

After a proper portion of time had been devoted to joy and gratitude on the part of  
our

our hero, Sir Roger began to comment on the circumstances of Lord Crowbery's assassination. The deed was horrid, the suspicions it involved afflicting, but the removal of such a worthless being out of life was providential; he had seen that unhappy man, the uncle of a desperate creature, stained, as he greatly feared, with the blood of the deceased; he comforted him as well as he could, yet he perceived his mind was immersed in deep despair and melancholy.—“Whether he is inform'd,” said Sir Roger, “of any circumstances that fix the guilt upon his niece, I forbore to enquire, but I shou'd fear he knows more than he thinks proper to reveal.”—Henry perceived that Claypole had been less communicative to Sir Roger than to him, for he had actually exhibited to him in confidence a letter under his niece's hand, exulting in the completion of her revenge, and boasting that she had found a hand to punish perfidy; a Frenchman who had been lurking about London for evil purposes, and had been warned out of England, took his passage in the same packet with her to Ostend; she sounded him, and found him the fittest agent for her desperate purpose, being deep in all the massacres that had deluged Paris with

with human blood: he had made good his escape, and was safe amongst his brother *sans-culottes*; for her part she defied pursuit; she had lodged herself where no search could follow her;—let her uncle therefore set his mind at rest, she should never be heard of more, and bade him everlastingly farewell.

Time had imperceptibly slipped away during this conversation, and Sir Roger had just recollected to order his chaise, when Williams came into the room, and whispered Henry that Lord Crowbery expected him at the castle; in spite of all his self-command, he changed colour at the summons, and Isabella instantly caught alarm. Honour demanded instant obedience to the call, yet Henry's ingenuity could hardly suggest an excuse sufficient to bear him out; the best apology he could devise upon the sudden was, that Lord Crowbery being on the point of setting out for Ostend, and understanding he had had an interview with Fanny Claypole just before her leaving Crowbery, had requested him to come to him without delay.—“Tell me only,” said Isabella, “that you are not going to meet that hateful Hardham, and I shall be at peace.”—“I have nothing to say to Mr. Hardham,” replied

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Henry; “and I conjure you not to think about him.”—So saying, he hurried out of the room, and bidding Williams follow him as fast as he could, made the best of his way to the place of assignation.

Ifabella’s apprehensions were by no means quieted, for his agitated looks and impatient motions augured something on his mind more important and more pressing than the cause he had assigned. She ran to Susan May, and asked for Williams.—He was gone with Henry.—This was a circumstance to aggravate her terrors: duels and wounds immediately occurred; why else should he take a surgeon with him? Even Sir Roger’s equanimity was not proof against this. At one time he would go to the castle himself;—this Ifabella would not hear of—he would send a servant to spy what was going forward—he would contrive a message to Lord Crowbery himself;—he could neither reconcile his mind to the one, nor invent the other. The chaise was at the door, but Ifabella could not stir from the spot, her fears had rooted her; and Dame May, who foresaw there would be a demand upon her closet, was busied in providing resources against faintings and hysterics: Susan strove to administer

administer the consolation of reason; but no sooner did the apprehension of Henry's danger seize her fancy, than she ceased to reason against imaginary fears, and, by subscribing her own to Isabella's, aggravated both.

In the midst of this confusion, Zachary Cawdle came into the house. A new-comer in such situations, let him come from whence he will, gives a spring to curiosity, and awakens hope.—“Did he know if Mr. Hardham was at the castle?”—“He saw him pass his door towards Lord Crowbery's not many minutes ago.”—It was the sentence of temporary death to Isabella: she fell back in her chair pale as ashes.—“Hell and confusion!” exclaimed Zachary, “what devil has bewitch'd my tongue, that it shou'd stumble on this mischief?”—He then bestirred himself to retrieve the damage he had done, and Dame May was dispatched for the requisites, whilst the father stood motionless and aghast. Zachary had his fingers on her pulse:—“Courage! worthy Sir,” he cried; “the defection is passing off; the pulsation of the artery is perceptible; we begin to revive.”—“God be prais'd!” exclaim'd the father, in a transport—When, in the same instant, a voice was heard

from without, calling aloud upon Doctor Cawdle, and in a few moments after, Susan, who had run out upon enquiry, came back with the joyful tidings that Henry was perfectly safe: Zachary's assistance was wanted for Mr. Hardham, who was shot by Lord Crowbery in a duel.—“ Jump into my chaise,” said Sir Roger, “ and bid them drive to the wounded man's relief as fast as they can gallop.”—“ Fair and softly, worthy Sir,” quoth Zachary; “ I can neither jump nor gallop to his rescue: Williams is on the spot, and is well us'd to gun-shot wounds; he only wants me as surgeon's mate.”—Zachary now with due deliberation seated himself in the chaise, and the messenger, having mounted behind it, gave directions where to drive. Hardham was found on the ground, and Williams had just then succeeded in staunching the hæmorrhage; the ball had entered a little above the knee, and had lodged itself by a slanting course up his thigh, as he stood in a crouching posture when he gave his own fire, and received that of his opponent almost at the same moment. He fell, and fainted on the ground; when he came to himself he was earnest with Williams to be taken to his own house, but  
in



in this he was not indulged: when Zachary arrived they found means to convey him into Lord Crowbery's house; and Henry now, at the earnest wish of his principal, took Zachary's seat in the chaise, and hastened back to the party at Susan May's. Great was their joy at his return, and every countenance (but chiefly that on which his eyes were first fondly fixed) was brightened at his presence. To them he related the particulars of the rencontre, in the event of which the overweening pride and insolence of Hardham, who was obstinate against all accommodation, was proportionably chastised.

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## CHAPTER XI.

*The Drama closes, and the Curtain falls.*

HENRY accompanied the chaise to Manstock House, and to gratify Isabella no less than himself, was hardly ever out of sight by the way. Hardham, in the mean time, was deposited with all possible care in the house of his antagonist: during six days Williams, who remained in the closest attention, found

no moment when the operation of extracting the ball could be undertaken with safety to his life, which remained in so precarious a state, that Lord Crowbery felt himself obliged to postpone his intended expedition; and sent his lawyer, properly instructed, to pursue all necessary measures at Ostend on his behalf.

On the seventh morning Williams successfully extracted the ball, and symptoms became so favourable as to flatter him with a cure. Some time after this, Hardham was carried to his own house, and Lord Crowbery's mind was relieved from its weight of anxious suspense: his journey, however, was now entirely laid aside from the report of his agent, whose attempts to trace the murderer had been entirely fruitless: the body of the deceased was brought over, and committed to the vault of his ancestors.

Williams was in such favour with his patient, that no other surgeon was permitted to approach him. One important business there was, in which the fair Susan had a share, that suffered a postponement by his attendance upon Hardham; the matrimonial knot was not yet tied: this indeed, in the present case, was simply the delay of a ceremony; and the  
very

very first leisure morning Williams could with a safe conscience avail himself of, that ceremony was effectually performed; and Susan took possession of that honourable title, which her fidelity and good conduct ever after maintained, through a series of many prosperous and happy years.

In Manstock House, Love took his station undisturbed by any cares or interruptions, save only those chaste tremors, which the gentle breast of Isabella felt, whilst Time, for ever on the wing, was weaving the soft silken fetters, now almost complete and ready for the hand of Hymen, that artist who too often makes but blind and bungling work, coupling ill-sorted pairs with coarse and clumsy tools. Not such our hero and his fair betrothed—lovely in person, lovelier in their virtues, their soft and tender hearts melted into each other with a coalescence so entire, that soul with soul never more sweetly harmonized: yet sometimes, when the ardour of his looks alarmed her, she would chide him with her blushes; sometimes she would turn away and hide her face, or bid him go from her and join the company; this had he done, he would have misunderstood the spirit of the order



totally, instead of which he had a way of making peace, that nature pointed out, which gained him pardon by repeating the offence.

"You are incurable," she would tell him at these times, "and I give you up; another time I'll lock my door, and keep you out."

—The minutes still rolled on, and yet the door was not locked; the offence was still committed, and the menace, though repeated, was never executed.—"What are you musing upon?" she said one day, as he sat rapt in thought.—"I am reducing days to hours," he replied, "and hours to minutes, that I may calculate each fraction of the interval 'twixt this and Monday."

—"Add to it another year," she cried, "and you'll be nearer to the sum. Don't talk of Monday, I'll not hear about it."—At that moment the porter's bell announced an arrival. Isabella ran to the window, and descried Doctor Sandford coming up to the door.—"There, there!" she cried, "you are all together in a plot against me: I'll not go down to Doctor Sandford; much as I esteem him, I'll not quit my chamber this whole day; I know for what he comes."

—"He comes to bless your Henry, by entitling him to call the loveliest object in creation his;

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he comes to ratify the vows that I have made, to honour, love, and serve you with my life; and what is there so terrible in this, that shou'd disturb my Isabella's gentle spirits? What does the ruler of my passions discern in her devoted Henry, that she shou'd shrink from with affright? Command me, task me as you will, and I'll obey, so you do not forbid me to adore you and to doat upon you as I do this moment, have done ever, and to life's latest period ever must.—Say, Isabella, are these arms, thus pressing, thus encircling you, bonds that you wish to break, chains that you fain wou'd sever and cast from you? Question my heart, 'tis your's; ask if there's mercy in it for my Isabella; mark if it does not throb with tender pity and compassion for your virgin fears; and witness if the drops that fall from it are half so dear as these which your soft eyes distil. Oh! my soul's treasure, are you not at rest upon this faithful bosom? Do you not feel a conscious satisfaction, thus to know yourself belov'd, protected, cherish'd by a friend, who lives but on your smiles, nor has a sense of earthly happiness, but what the contemplation of your charms bestows upon him?"

"Oh!

“ Oh ! Henry,” she replied, and sunk upon his breast, “ I render you my heart, and all that it contains ; even my terrors are fled from me, and nothing now remains but all-subduing love : your words, your looks, bespeak such mild consideration for your poor trembling Isabella ; and I well know there is such mercy in your manly nature, that I am yours this day, this hour, this instant, and for ever.” — Silence ensued, what else their thoughts supplied, love found expressions for, more eloquent than words : the minutes were not few ; but, rated to their value, they had outweighed years of common price.

Isabella now was not averse to welcome her late dreaded visitor, the worthy Doctor Sandford—severed from the arms of her enraptured Henry, with love in every glance, and grace in every motion, she came forth in beauty’s richest bloom, a form to charm all eyes, and captivate all hearts.

Every body was occupied in preparations for the approaching journey : great as was the sacrifice Sir Roger made to the peace of the county, when he took upon himself the painful duty of attending parliament, there were some circumstances that qualified the disagreeable



able necessity at the present moment, as he had affairs of great consequence on his hands with respect to Isabella's marriage, which could only be adjusted in London. Mr. Delapoer, the father of our hero, had also business not less important, and agreed to accompany him; and a house large enough to receive the whole party, and perfectly commodious, had fortunately been secured for Sir Roger, and was already well aired, and occupied by part of his household, sent before him for that purpose. His plan was to have the wedding on the morning of his departure, and as private as possible. The Rev. Mr. Claypole, in a bad state of health, was gone to Bath, and Dr. Sandford had been invited from Hagley to perform the ceremony. The bride and bridegroom were to take their departure together, and reach town that evening; Sir Roger, Delapoer, and Sandford were to follow in the family coach by easy stages, and sleep by the way.

On the morning before these events were to take place, Henry rode over to Crowbery, and took a friendly leave of the Lord of the Castle; he had also a parting conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Williams and the good Dame; to Ezekiel he devoted a full hour, which the  
good

good man filled up, after his manner, with admonitory lessons for his conduct in the metropolis, that sink, as he pronounced it, of infamy and corruption. Ejaculations, prayers and blessings in abundance he cordially super-added; and at last let him depart with this exhortation—That if affluence and prosperity should await him, he would never forget that he had felt the sorrows of poverty and distress; but, on the contrary, if disappointments and misfortunes (which Heaven avert!) should prove to be his lot, then let him take religion to his aid, and place his whole reliance on that all-gracious Master, who never fails his servants in affliction, when they piously resort to him.

The awful morning arrived, and Isabella, beautiful as an angel, and fresh as the dew of Heaven, rose with the dawn; and having attired herself with a simplicity pure as her thoughts, and elegant as her manners, came forth from her chamber, and presented herself to the eyes of her expecting lover: he led her down the stairs to the room where her friends were assembled, and the Rev. Dr. Sandford was in readiness to perform the solemn office, and pronounce the nuptial benediction; which service being closed, turning to her father, whilst Henry yet

yet held her trembling hand, she dropt on her knees at his feet, and jointly with her husband, in the like reverential attitude, received his fatherly blessing, accompanied with tears of joyful sensibility and tender embraces: the same suit was preferred to the father of Henry, and the same affectionate return was made to it by that amiable person, in a stile peculiarly impressive and affecting. A few old and faithful domestics were admitted; and honest Zachary Cawdle, by claim derived from long attachment, and services as old in date as the first breath that Henry drew, was present on the occasion; and now, in his ardent manner, joy boiling over at his eyes, pronounced them to be indisputably the most lovely couple that ever plighted their faith to each other—"And, by the blessing of Heaven," added he, "upon their laudable endeavours, I predict they will give being to others as beautiful as themselves."

They now sat down to a hasty breakfast, which being dispatched, Sir Roger again embraced his daughter, and then resigning her hand to its happy possessor, attended them to the door, where their chaise with post-horses was in waiting, which whirled them in their rapid



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rapid course to London; where they arrived, with happy omens, as the evening closed, and found all things ready for their reception.

The following day the worthy Baronet, punctual to his appointed hour, arrived with his friends, Mr. Delapoer and Dr. Sandford, the latter of whom took up his abode with a relation at the other end of the town. Sir Roger was well pleased with the airy situation of his house, and still more delighted with the unremitted attention of his son and daughter, who devoted to him and Delapoer all those hours which some bestow on frivolous amusements, some on less innocent occupations. In the course of their residence here every thing that the sage provision of the law could do for them and their posterity was completed; and, at Sir Roger's suit, our hero had a grant, by royal licence, to take the name and bear the arms of Manstock, thus becoming the adopted representative of that antient and opulent house.

When the session was closed, and they returned to the family seat at Manstock, the festivities they had fled from were celebrated with becoming splendor, and the hospitable doors were thrown open to their neighbours,



both rich and poor. Heaven blessed their days with prosperity, and crowned their wishes with a beauteous offspring. Faithful to Ezekiel's charge, Henry never forgot the lessons of adversity, nor those faithful friends whom his adversity had tried and approved.—To Zachary, to the house of Williams, and to Ezekiel, in his humble cottage, he was ever the same grateful, cordial and unaltered friend. The charge of young Blachford's affairs he devolved upon Ezekiel, with a proper allowance, but still under his own superintendence; Lord Crowbery also put the good apostle into certain offices of trust, which brought him some profit, and, what was more grateful to his spirit, a situation of some respectability amongst his neighbours. Williams thrived in his profession, and Susan was not wanting to provide him with those that served to keep his house aside and his industry alert.

Delapoer retired to his mansion near Hagley, where he had every year the pleasure of embracing his children, when they visited their maternal mansion and property in those parts.

If perfect happiness was ever dealt to mortals, it was surely the peculiar lot of Henry and Isabella.—Domestic harmony that knew

no interruption, hearts fondly united, and tempers happily matched, the good-will of all who knew them, the abundant gifts of fortune, and the grateful blessings of the poor, compounded their enjoyments. Meanwhile the beauteous form of Isabella never yielded up one fleeting charm to the wide-wasting hand of Time, but Heaven restored the loss by adding every hour fresh beauties to her mind.

FINIS.



